HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 668.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

FATHER HYACINTHE.

FATHER CHARLES LOYSON HYACINTHE may be properly called a "Catholic Protestant." His present position may be best explained by a brief allusion to the peculiar claims and dogmas upon which Pope PIUS IX. so strenuously insists. When this Pope was first elected great hopes were entertained by the best educated and most advanced of Roman Catholics that a new era would then be opened for the Church—an era characterized by a liberal policy, which, while it maintained the Catholic faith, would denounce errors and correct abuses. These hopes have been disappointed. Notwithstanding the liberal political spirit manifested by PIUS IX. at the beginning of his Pontificate, he has proved one of the greatest enemies to the progress of the age. If he had been content with a negative or neutral policy, he would have been secure against opposition from within the bosom of his own Church. But he has assumed a belligerent attitude, and has arrayed the ultramontane or anti-liberal party against the Gallican or liberal. By calling an Œcumenical Council, to meet next December, for the assertion of universal ecclesiastical supremacy, he has awakened the spirit of opposition, of which Father HYACINTHE is one of the best and ablest representatives.

Father HYACINTHE was born at Orleans, France, in 1821, and completed his education at Pau. In 1853 he was ordained at St. Sulpice, in which parish he subsequently officiated as a priest; but in the mean time he studied theology four years and taught philosophy at Avignon, and afterward theology at Nantes. Having passed ten years in the Lyons Convent of Carmelite Friars, he became a member of the order, and was first a preacher in that city. While there his sermons delivered at the Lysee were considered remarkable. During Advent, in 1863, he preached at Bordeaux, and in the Lenten season of 1864 at Perigueux. It was during the summer of 1864 that he made his first appearance in Paris, preaching at the Church of the Madeleine, and afterward at Notre Dame, having prepared a course of sermons for Advent. Here he at once, by the eloquence and boldness of his utterances, attracted public attention and gained a brilliant reputation. He is a most popular preacher, and it is from this fact that his recent letter protesting against the coming Council, and the fearful policy which that Council is pledged to support, excites such wide comment. It is reported that Father HYACINTHE has left the convent, and that he will at the home of his parents await the decision of the Council.

Father HYACINTHE is known in Paris as the "preacher-monk." Some idea of his appearance, and of the effect of his eloquence, is conveyed in the following graphic sketch, written by one of his hearers in 1867:

"But now the tall Swiss halberdier, making a passage along the aisle, announces the approach of Père HYACINTHE, and instantly this whole sea of faces is turned toward him, with an expression of sympathy so intense as seemed enough to electrify one who came in all simplicity and sincerity to bring to them the words of life. He followed slowly, with his eyes cast down, his face pale, and, mounting the steps of the pulpit, he knelt down and buried his face in silent prayer. Then rising, he stood, with erect and majestic form, and for some moments regarded in silence those to whom he was to speak, while a deep sigh involuntarily escaped from his large chest.

"Although I was already under the magnetism of this extraordinary man, my eye, as an artist, took in all the surroundings of the scene. In scenic effect nothing could exceed the beauty of the tableau—the dark back-ground of the pulpit, in ancient carved oak; the form of the preacher, rendered more striking by the robe of his order (he is a Carmelite monk, and wears a long serge gown, with only sandals on his feet), with his white cowl thrown back upon his shoulder, his head shaven so as to leave only a chaplet of hair upon his brow, while the light from above fell upon his bare head, and his countenance, so sad and beautiful, yet responding with quick sympathy to all the regards turned toward him. Surely, if he had studied all this *mise en scene*, he is a master in the art.

"He began to speak, and from that moment I wished to believe in the sincerity, in the piety, in the Christian faith of this man—for if he is not all that, he profanes the most beautiful gifts of Providence. Never did a voice more sympathetic strike my ear; never did art more perfect captivate and control the human heart.

"He announced his text, first in Latin and then in French. It was in Ecclesiastes—a warning to diligence and activity, which he applied to stimulate men in the work of salvation, repeating with emphasis, 'Agonize for your faith; combat for your soul!' He described the agony of Christ that he might hold Him up as an example. As it is the season of Lent, all thoughts are supposed to converge toward that central theme, and all motives to radiate from the Great Sufferer. He depicted the sorrows of the Saviour of the world, and the drops of blood falling to the ground, and the last scene on the cross. During this description all was hushed and still. The vast cathedral seemed to wear a deeper gloom, as if in sympathy with the darkness which was described; and when he repeated our Saviour's words, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' it seemed as if every heart shuddered at the cry.

"As Christ suffered and agonized for man's salvation, so should man himself struggle and suffer unto death, that he may be saved—there was his theme. But how *do* men carry on this spiritual war? Here the preacher turned from the Divine Sufferer to the world which He came to redeem—a world full of sorrow and sin. Instantly we were in the midst of the nineteenth century—with examples of guilt which all could recognize. He drew his pictures from actual life, portraying the tempter and the tempted; and in his charges of selfishness and crime he seemed as if he would array all men at the bar of Divine justice. He did not spare any class or profession—not even his own—but drew a fearful picture of the unworthy priest.

"'It is not by hypocrisy,' he said, 'that the bad priest dishonors his ministry. Hypocrisy is a thing vulgar and base, soon unmasked, which can not long deceive any one; but it is by that cold, cruel Pharisaism, which puts the letter in place of the spirit, the dogma in place of charity, in a religion which is all love. It is not with hands hard and cold that the priest must touch the wounds and sores of humanity, but as a mother, in her love for her children, covers the plague spots which mark the outbreaking of revolting disease. It is with burning lips that he is to suck the poison from the very blood of the death-smitten; it is with tears of charity and of tenderness that he is to wash and to purify the sinful soul!' As he said this there was in his voice, and in the whole expression of his sad and beautiful countenance, something of the tenderness of a father; he seemed to yearn toward those who listened to him with an irresistible attraction; and with one of his electrifying gestures he threw open his arms as if he would take upon his own heart the griefs and the remorse of every troubled spirit.

"I give you but a faint outline of his sermon, though it seemed that every word was engraven on my memory. But merely to repeat his arguments and illustrations could give you no impression of his power, for it lay in the man, in his eye, his gesture, and his voice. In true eloquence there is something which escapes analysis—a power beyond words—a magnetism *vibrante et subtile* which penetrates like lightning, which can not be described, but which is only felt as the intensest action of the human soul. To make you understand its effect I must paint for you that countenance so *mobile*, now grave and stern, and now wearing a look of ineffable tenderness. His gestures were full of energy and animation. There was intense life in every limb and every motion. Now he appeared as if he were the accuser of his hearers, flashing the light of conscience on every deed of guilt. At such a moment you might believe that you heard another SAVONAROLA thundering against the vices of the age. Then suddenly his tone changed, and his manner became tender and almost caressing, as if he would draw the multitude to the feet of Him whose agony he described.

"In rebuking the spirit of this world, which has such empire over men, a priest has an immense power from his own example of self-abnegation. The Protestant pastor comes to the pulpit from his comfortable home, from the sweet companionship of his wife and children. But the priest has no domestic ties. He has no home, and no one to love him more than others. If a monk, he has taken a vow of poverty, and lives in a cell. His life is one of daily self-denial—at least such is the theory of his order—and he speaks to the popular heart and conscience, exalted in public esteem by this impression of extraordinary sanctity. I need not say that many priests are far enough from realizing this ideal of their profession—that they are very coarse and common men, alike wanting in intellect and in moral elevation. But others there are of a different stamp—who at least try to live up to a saintly ideal, with whom life is a daily self-crucifixion—men full of all the sweet impulses of nature, yearning for human society, who are yet doomed to live in solitude, craving a love which they can never know. In the good priest this contradiction between his tastes and his actual existence gives a sadness to all his life. But what a power does it give him when he speaks out of his lonely and desolate heart to others in sorrow, using the very words of the Christus Consolator!

"In the Père HYACINTHE it is easy to see the struggling of two natures. Under that coarse monk's dress throbs a great human heart. As CARLYLE said of EDWARD IRVING, 'He strove to be a priest in an age alien to the character,' so it seems as if this man also were striving to realize, even here in the gayest city in the world, and amidst the allurements of modern degeneracy, the heroic type of one of the old confessors.

"In recalling this marvelous preaching it seems to me that there is in it something of the senses as well as of the spirit. I will not use the word sensual, for it would not express my thought, nor be just to the preacher. But there is an element of passionate emotion which is so marked in the writings of SAINT THERESA and Madame GUYON—a mingling of human with Divine love, the overflowing of a heart yearning for affection, but which, shut up from all domestic ties, pours itself out in a love for all mankind. But what a fascination in this eloquence inspired by the most passionate love to God and to men!

"If you think me carried away by my enthusiasm, I can only give you the more sober impressions of others. Our Protestant friends here render full homage to his genius and eloquence. M. DE PRESSENSÉ says that his manner is the union of extraordinary natural gifts with the most consummate art. It seems he does not shun Protestant society. Not long since he passed an evening at Madame ADOLPHE MONOD'S, and they were charmed with his dignity and courtesy. Although he goes every where in the dress of his order as a Carmelite monk, with his naked feet shod only in sandals, yet his bearing is as distinguished as that of a gentleman of the Court of LOUIS XIV."

In this connection the following extract from the letter of Father HYACINTHE, which has created so much excitement, and which was ad-

FATHER CHARLES LOYSON HYACINTHE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

dressed to the General of his order at Rome, will prove interesting to our readers:

"The present hour is solemn. The Church passes through one of the most violent, dark, and decisive crises of its existence here below. For the first time in 300 years an Œcumenical Council is not only convoked but declared *necessary;* such is the expression of the Holy Father. It is not in such a moment that a preacher of the Gospel, were he the last of all, can consent to remain as the mute dogs of Israel, unfaithful guardians, whom the prophet reproaches as unable to bark. *Canes muti, non valentes latrare.* The saints were never silent. I am not one of them; but nevertheless I belong to their race, *filii sanctorum sumus*, and I have always been ambitious to place my steps, my tears, and, if necessary, my blood, in the tracks which they have left. I raise, therefore, before the Holy Father and the Council, my protestation as Christian and preacher against these doctrines and practices, calling themselves Roman, but which are not Christian, and which in their encroachments, always most audacious and most baneful, tend to change the Constitution of the Church, the basis as well as the form of her teaching, and even the spirit of her piety. I protest against the divorce, as impious as it is insane, which it is sought to accomplish between the Church, who is our mother according to eternity, and the society of the nineteenth century, of whom we are the sons according to the times, and toward whom we have also some duties and attachments. I protest against this more radical and dreadful opposition to human nature, which is attacked and made to revolt by these false doctrines in its most indestructible and holiest aspirations. I protest, above all, against the sacrilegious perversion of the Word of the Son of God himself, the spirit and the letter of which are equally trodden under foot by the Pharisaism of the new law. It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, are delivered over to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause is without doubt not in Catholicism itself, but in the manner which Catholicism has during a long time been understood and practiced. I appeal to the Council about to meet to seek for remedies for the excess of our evils, and to apply them with as much force as gentleness. But if fears in which I do not wish to share come to be realized—if the august assembly has not more liberty in its deliberations than it has already in its preparation—if, in a word, it is deprived of the essential characters of an Œcumenical Council, I will cry to God and men to call another truly united in the Holy Spirit, not in the spirit of party, and representing really the Universal Church, not the silence of some men, the oppression of others."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

☞ *A New Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS *(Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"), *will be commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *in November,* 1869. *New Subscribers will be supplied with the* WEEKLY *from the beginning of the Story to the end of* 1870 *for* $4 00.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

THE platform of the late New York Republican Convention will be regarded with the utmost satisfaction by every citizen in the country who sympathizes with the fundamental principles of the party, and it is strongly and honorably contrasted with the Democratic platform of the previous week. The Convention declared that the national honor should be maintained without equivocation, that the Fifteenth Amendment, securing in the Constitution the equality of all citizens of the United States, should be adopted, and that the Government should be supported in the recognition of Cuban belligerency, whenever the facts in its possession should justify such a declaration.

The platform is positive and frank. We should have been glad to see an approval of the proposed reform in the civil service, and a recommendation of the new Constitution of the State. But what is said is so well said, and is so important, that we can wait. It is enough that the civil service reform has not yet been generally discussed, and is perhaps too imperfectly understood to be a subject upon which the party could wisely pronounce, while the Republicans are known to be the authors of the proposed improvements in the fundamental law of the State. Upon the chief points of present political interest the Convention has spoken plainly, and it remains for the people to decide whether the voice of New York shall swell the chorus of hostility to the great principles of public policy which are associated with the proudest and most heroic epoch of our history.

It is evident from the tone of the resolutions of which we speak, as from that of the State conventions generally, that the main interest of the autumn elections, although they are State elections, is national, and not local. The reason of this is that the great issues involving the honor and prosperity of the National Government have not yet been settled, and every expression of public opinion at the polls affects that settlement. In Ohio, for instance, the Democratic party supports Mr. PENDLETON, who was a favorite candidate for the Presidency against General GRANT, and who is the representative of a financial policy which is virtually repudiation; a policy which, until it is conclusively condemned by the American people, will disastrously affect the national credit and honor. In Pennsylvania the Democratic candidate is Mr. PACKER, a gentleman known only as a Copperhead in the days when that term had a most serious significance. Both Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. PACKER were opposed to the war and to the policy of reconstruction, and are, of course, equally opposed to the Fifteenth Amendment, which removes from the domain of politics the vexing question that occasioned the war, and finally secures the honest results of the struggle.

The elections have thus inevitably a national aspect. They are the expression of opinion upon the very gravest measures of public policy. Should the Democratic party prevail in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, it would not be unfair to conclude that the people of those States, and possibly of the country, had decided that the national honor would not be sullied by a course which no honest private person would countenance in his own affairs, and that they did not recognize any relation between the security of equal rights among American citizens and the prosperity and permanence of the American Union. It would be impossible to separate the national from the State issue. The election of Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. PACKER could not honestly be regarded as a personal preference of those gentlemen to General HAYES and General GEARY as Governors of their States, but it would unavoidably be regarded as a decision of much more important questions.

This may be regretted. It may be unfortunate that the people can not vote for Governor in Ohio or Pennsylvania, nor in this State for Comptroller or Secretary of State, without saying whether they wish to be honest to the national creditor and just to all their fellow-citizens. But that is, nevertheless, the situation. It is not a personal question. Candidates of both parties may be equally honest and capable—if not, the dishonest and incapable should be scratched—but they represent a view of public affairs and a public policy which would be as effective in the State as in the nation. Thus the success of the Democratic party in New York would defeat the State Constitution, which removes an arbitrary restriction now imposed upon a class of voters; while the success of the Republican party would ratify by the popular voice the action of the Legislature in adopting the Fifteenth Amendment. The party that can be most safely intrusted with the national may as wisely be charged with the State administration; and of course the State that elects a Governor or a Secretary would, at the same polls, elect a President of the same party.

Every man who votes, therefore, at the next State election unavoidably expresses his opinion of the general character and tendency of the two great parties of the country. If he thinks that the financial policy of Mr. PENDLETON is wise and honorable, and that the principles and antecedents of Mr. PACKER in Pennsylvania, and of his friends in New York, promise harmony, economy, and peace to the country, he will vote the Democratic ticket in whatever State he lives. But if he believes that it is better to pay our debts honestly, and to do justice to our neighbors, to put the national faith beyond question, and to finish the work which the war left incomplete, he will support the party of the noblest record and of the best promise in our history, the Republican party.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICANS AND CUBA.

THE New York Republican Convention resolved that "whenever the facts in possession of our Government will justify the recognition of Cuban belligerency we shall heartily approve such recognition, and pledge our hearty support to any action on the part of the Government tending to the final annexation of Cuba whenever she shall have achieved her independence and her people desire such action." This is a resolution of confidence in the Administration with which every Republican will cordially agree. The country reposes with satisfaction upon the consciousness of which we have more than once spoken that we have an Administration singularly free from Buncombe of every kind, and which will regard our international conduct from the ground of the best American traditions and of perfect good faith.

The gun-boats which were lately detained by the Government may lead to a discussion which has thus far not been found necessary. The question presented is whether, under the circumstances, the United States shall be made the base of Spanish military operations against Cuba. We have treaties with Spain, and our markets of ships and munitions of war are open to all the world. If the Spanish Government comes as a customer to buy a fleet and equipment, and we have no reason to suppose that they are to be used in hostilities against a nation with which we are at peace, upon what ground can the sale be prohibited by the American Government if the security is satisfactory to the American merchant? The only recognized ground of interference with such transactions is that we have declared our neutrality, and that both belligerents are equally prohibited. But we have not recognized the belligerent rights of the Cubans, nor are they an independent people.

Yet they are our immediate neighbors, and they have been struggling for a year to throw off a foreign government which has hitherto been most harsh; and our very situation makes us almost a fatal neighbor to them so long as the present situation continues. They and their friends do not fail to remind us that in earlier days France helped the American colonies when they sorely needed succor. But the French recognition of the colonies, although most timely and serviceable, was a conscious and intentional act of aggression toward England. The treaty of alliance of 1778 contemplates and provides for a rupture between France and England; and the United States agreed that if France captured the British West India Islands they should belong to France. The cases are in this at least essentially different, that we do not wish to injure Spain, while we certainly have a more legitimate sympathy with Cuba than ever France had with the American colonies. Still the unpleasant fact recurs that our geographical position makes us peculiarly harmful to the Cubans striving for independence. Spain leans her rifle upon our shoulder.

This, however, does not change the great principles that underlie international comity, and which require that no insurgents shall be recognized as belligerents—which is the beginning of a recognition of independence—until they show, as the American colonies had shown in 1778, not only a hope but a power to secure independence, attested by the virtual unanimity of the country and the undisputed civil supremacy of the Congress. These are the "facts" which, in the contemplation of the resolution that we have quoted, would justify the recognition of Cuban belligerency. But meanwhile our neighborhood and the nature of the struggle authorize us to make the most strenuous and persistent efforts at mediation between Spain and Cuba. This, we have no doubt, the Administration is doing with the utmost self-respect and with the sincerest sympathy for the Cubans. The latter, when they began the struggle, doubtless relied upon our neighborhood as an advantage in many ways; but they should have seen that it was an equal disadvantage. Those who move in great enterprises are morally bound to count the cost. The Cubans may be sure that the United States will be just to them; but the best ground of their confidence is, that the United States will be just to all their duties and all their friends.

LAWRENCE vs. DANA.

THE late decision in Boston, in the case of WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE against RICHARD H. DANA, Jun., is very interesting and important. Mr. LAWRENCE, as is known, was a former editor of WHEATON'S great work upon international law, and Mr. DANA is a later editor. The family of Mr. WHEATON were dissatisfied with the edition of Mr. LAWRENCE; and when that of Mr. DANA appeared, Mr. LAWRENCE charged that Mr. DANA had appropriated his labor in the notes, and asked that Mr. DANA'S edition be enjoined as a plagiarism.

But the reading matter in Mr. DANA'S notes, so to speak, the thoughts, suggestions, arguments, ideas; the analysis of debates and of diplomatic correspondence—all indeed that professes to be original, is allowed to be of such value that the edition can not be enjoined. The Court then considered the question of the use made by Mr. DANA of the raw material of Mr. LAWRENCE'S notes. This was merely a question of the relation of the second annotator of a work to the first, and does not involve character. All of Mr. DANA'S manuscripts were before the Court, and the question was really one of law only, not of good faith. Mr. DANA claimed that he had studied and used the notes of his predecessor as he had the works of other authors, and no further; and that, dealing with the same authorities upon the same topics, the appearance of similarity was unavoidable. The Court upon this point laid down a rule, which it held that Mr. DANA had in some cases infringed; and a master is to examine and report upon such instances.

If Mr. LAWRENCE'S intention, therefore, was to suppress Mr. DANA'S edition altogether, as an infringement of his copyright, he has failed, for Mr. DANA'S edition is not declared an infringement and is not enjoined. The Court says that in some instances he has transcended the proper limits of use of the labors of the previous editor, and those excesses, when determined, must be hereafter omitted. The decision of the Court shows that Mr. DANA is, even under its own rule, indebted to Mr. LAWRENCE for nothing but material which the scissors can cut off, and which may possibly be spared without injury.

Mr. DANA, of course, reserves a right of appeal as to the justice of the rule laid down by the Court; but the great point in the case is decided in his favor.

THE BYRON STORY IN ENGLAND.

MRS. STOWE'S paper upon BYRON is still discussed in England, and one publisher announces a volume containing the literature of the debate, while another advertises a "Vindication of Lord Byron." The tone of the remarks in the journals upon Mrs. STOWE herself has been much the same as in this country. One paper, indeed, says that she will presently be thanked, as all those who are bold enough to tell the truth always are; and on the other hand, a correspondent who calls himself a member of Congress writes in Paris a little feeble scurrility intended for the family of which Mrs. STOWE is a distinguished member. The most striking characteristic, however, of the communications which the subject has drawn out, is the irrelevancy of their arguments and statements to the essential point under consideration.

The note of the family solicitors is not a denial of the story, nor an assertion that evidence exists which will disprove it. Lord WENTWORTH, the grandson of Lady BYRON, writes that a manuscript was found among her papers containing an account of some circumstances connected with her marriage, but no accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. STOWE asserts was communicated to her. Lord LINDSAY also prints a letter written by Lady BYRON to her confidential friend Lady ANNE BARNARD, in 1818, alluding to the separation, but not mentioning the cause now alleged. This, however, is not in itself inconsistent with the impression conveyed by Mrs. STOWE that Lady BYRON had told it to no one except to Dr. (then Mr.) LUSHINGTON in 1816. Lord LINDSAY believes that Lady BYRON was a little deranged upon the subject, and Mr. WILLIAM HOWITT describes her as inexplicably cold and moody. Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON, also, declares that many persons, among them the Rev. FREDERICK ROBERTSON, believes Lady BYRON'S mind to have been "touched," and he asserts that she told many persons the story of the separation, and in many ways. He and two other friends of hers decided that Lady BYRON was of unsound mind upon the subject; and he adds that the story she most frequently told is not susceptible of proof, while the one related by Mrs. STOWE is new and utterly incredible. But Dr. FORBES WINSLOW considers that the theory of hallucination is incompatible with the known facts of Lady BYRON'S life; and certainly had there been good reasons for supposing her insane upon the subject of the separation, Miss MARTINEAU would have alluded to the fact in her sketch of Lady BYRON.

It is evident that the story itself is not so universally discredited in England as it seems to be here, although, as we said, there is little mercy for Mrs. STOWE. The *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, papers of the best reputation, incline to believe the story as told. The *Spectator* says that the truth of Mrs. STOWE'S story is "on the evidence more likely than not;" and the *Saturday Review* concludes that "either we must accept this hallucination theory, or we must accept Lady BYRON'S story," while the *Pall Mall Gazette* breaks the force of Lady ANNE BARNARD'S letter by emphasizing the fact that, as Lady BYRON did not tell the story to her parents, she would not be likely to confide it to her friend. Meanwhile, in the general debate there has been great force wasted upon unimportant details. Thus, when Mrs. STOWE'S article was first published it was remarked, with vehemence, that she did not spell Lady BYRON'S family name correctly, and that she asserted that she lived two years with her husband. But these were not the kind of inaccuracies that would weaken the probabilities of the story. It was of no significance whether Lady BYRON lived with her husband a month or twelve months after she knew the truth, but that she lived with him at all.

So the Philadelphia *Press*, in some friendly and courteous strictures upon the observations of the Easy Chair in *Harper's Magazine* upon the general subject, points out certain discrepancies which do not affect the essence of the question. Thus it is said in the *Magazine* that Lord BYRON traveled for three years before his marriage. No, says the *Press*, only a little more than two years. Again, it is said that two or three years after BYRON'S death, at the request of MOORE, Lady BYRON wrote a statement. No, says the *Press*, it was six years after, and in reply to MOORE, not at his request. But evidently "two or three years" means a few years, and although it is inaccurate to say that it was at MOORE'S request, the substantial fact is that there was a statement of Lady BYRON'S, and that it was occasioned by MOORE'S Life. Perfect accuracy of dates and times is indeed desirable. But in this kind of discussion the vital points are alone important.

The *Press*, with the utmost good-nature, exhorts its editorial brethren to be "posted" before they engage in the debate. But it instantly says that CAMPBELL was fully aware what he was about when he printed his commentary upon the "Defense of Lady Byron." Yet *Blackwood* says that the most merciful conclusion in regard to it is that "it was written under the influence of stimulants, which, for the time, had deprived the illustrious author of 'Hohenlinden' alike of judgment and taste;" and Miss MARTINEAU says that "he excused himself by saying it was a mistake of his—that he did not know what he was about when he published the paper." All that CAMPBELL says in the letter quoted by the *Press* is that it "was a bold step on my part," which it certainly was. The *Press* also says that it is known to the readers of the MS. memoir of BYRON that the statement made by Lady BYRON to Dr. LUSHINGTON in 1816 does not in the least resemble "the horrible revelation" made to Mrs. STOWE in 1856. Does the *Press* suppose that Lady BYRON'S statement was to be found in Lord BYRON'S manuscript? How could the readers of that manuscript, Lord RUSSELL, for instance, or WASHINGTON IRVING,

possibly know what Lady BYRON told Dr. LUSHINGTON, but did not tell her mother?

And is not the strongest probable proof of the substantial truth of Lady BYRON'S story to be found in the fact that Dr. LUSHINGTON, to whom she told it in 1816, who is still living, and who could settle the whole matter by a word, remains silent? His simple assertion that the story told by Mrs. STOWE is not what Lady BYRON told him could not be regarded as an improper breach of professional confidence, and would dispose of the question. His silence is more convincing than all that has been said and written upon the subject.

A LOOK AT THE SITUATION.

IN the midst of a healthy and active trade, beneficial alike to importers and distributors, the most unscrupulous gamblers of Wall Street, elevated to position and power by seizing the Erie Railroad—a sort of drift which its early friends had cast away from the impossibility of making it profitable—suddenly, as if a bolt had come from the clear sky, ran up the price of gold, buying and loaning it as it rapidly advanced, until, having reached 160, margins were called in, settlements in the consternation produced were made, a vast amount of currency was accumulated in the hands of the cornerers, and, while brokers for the combination were acting in one direction, the principals, on the sudden collapse of the conspiracy, took different roads of escape; and but one rule of action appeared to govern, which was, to pay nothing and hold on to ill-gotten gains—the Board of Gold Brokers being held at arm's-length and treated with the indifference and contempt which will now be generally applied.

Instead of sending in to the Board the required statements of each dealer, which would conduce to a complete settlement, an injunction was preferred, its effect being to leave the vast transactions of Friday unconfirmed; to leave the gold at high prices in the hands of borrowers, while those who applied to the courts locked up enough currency to confuse the whole business of Wall Street. The fact of withholding a statement resulted from the conviction that the general settlement of the transactions of Friday would be disastrous, or from want of confidence in the association. What was wanted there was some controlling mind, to carry such amendments to the by-laws as would bring outstanding parties to terms. This the injunction could not prevent.

It would appear from the estimate made by a Committee of the Board that, upon final liquidation of all sales and purchases on Friday—which in the aggregate were several hundred millions—one set of parties remained *short* six millions to another, which was *long* to the same extent. As the corner was advancing toward 160 or 162½, persons who sold at 160, and on the turn of the market covered at 150, find themselves, with gold at 130, ruined, as the purchaser from them can not take, while *they* are held. No transaction in Wall Street at any previous time has so much defied its sagacity, or produced greater confusion or more serious consequences. While it was the rule before Friday to trust any one in the Board, in reliance upon the honor (?) which was supposed to control, now nobody trusts any body. The Gold Exchange Bank has gone into bankruptcy. Of this, therefore, the country may be assured, that the gambling fraternity are so extensively weakened, and confidence is so impaired among them, that a new set will need to grow up before the general business can be disturbed by their unseemly operations. Many of the banks of the city contribute by their loans, and by the direct action of their officers, to such opportunities for injuring all useful industry. It would be well for stockholders to drive from official position all who, under any circumstances, speculate in stocks. The taste for it grows with indulgence, and will generally eventuate in ruin and fraud. The object is not just. Accumulation of wealth, when it is the fruit of honest exertion in a useful pursuit, is not inconsistent with the general interest; but, when sought as the result of speculation with borrowed means, the actor betrays a desire to obtain what industry has produced without rendering an equivalent, and generally will become unscrupulous in its accomplishment.

Every officer known to be tainted with speculation should be weeded out of all financial institutions, as it constitutes a clear fraud upon the trust and contributes to the general demoralization. Our credit circulation is now so guarded from depreciation or diminution by the wise provisions of law, which authorized its issue, that the country can stand more of disaster than it could have stood under the State bank system. We shall ride out this storm with safety; but if speculators are not ejected from control, and our banking institutions handed over to the prudent and wise, who will keep the gambler at arm's-length, the time may come when a hail-storm to beat down the coming harvest, or some event not more damaging than the recent raid upon Wall Street, will bring down the whole structure of public credit beyond relief from judges who attend upon speculators to aid them at critical moments with injunctions.

The institutions of a financial character which are scattered over the Union wield an influence the very greatest over its fortunes and its morals. The time has arrived for exerting it with energy, as not pecuniary safety alone, but the general safety, is affected by their management.

It will be recollected that last year a lock-up in funds, brought about by the Erie clique, arrested the prosecution of the fall trade of 1868, and inflicted wide-spread damage. The Erie road was abandoned by prudent capitalists some years ago, when it was discovered that no profit to the stockholders could be made from it, considering the expense of construction and operation over a difficult route, and the competition to which it was subjected from a rival route in this State better situated as to grades and population. The Erie, thus abandoned by its unfortunate projectors and friends, fell into the hands of those who, to cover the annual loss from operating the road, and to furnish the opportunity for speculation, issued convertible stock under a very questionable power conferred by the general Railroad Act.

The interests of the Company, whose joint liabilities for stock and bonds have been extended to considerably over one hundred millions of dollars, have been entirely lost sight of in these nefarious operations, and the road is run and managed chiefly to advance the speculations of some of its directors. If the judiciary were what it was of old, a receiver appointed in the interest of some of its mortgagees—it is doubtful which of them will ever derive benefit from the road—would be appointed, and this scandal upon the fair fame of the State, the judiciary, and indeed the Union itself, would be terminated.

The last Legislature of New York passed an act to prevent the ejection at a single election of the present Board from office. It was doubtless done because it was the intention to unload the worthless stock upon the market, and permit a repetition of some scheme of plunder such as occurred in Wall Street on Thursday and Friday.

The most alarming feature of our condition is this, that such legislation can be purchased at Albany, and that entire immunity from punishment in the courts can be purchased from a part of the judiciary. A shrewd observer said a few days ago that we were approaching the time when our personal property would be claimed by thieves who would have the effrontery to say, "You are mistaken; this is mine; I own it, and have in my pocket also the judge who will so decide."

The wants of the city per day of gold for commercial transactions reach from about a half to three-quarters of a million of dollars; but such is the aid extended by banks to gambling in Wall Street, that the operations of Friday at the Gold Exchange were between three and five hundred millions—operations which had no connection with the commerce which the banks are expected to foster. This will in some degree be remedied by resolutely placing the country on the track to specie payments. This policy will require from each bank to withdraw from speculation, and ally itself to the substantial interests of the people.

LIGHT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THERE seems to be little doubt that LOPEZ has been at last hopelessly defeated, and that Paraguay is relieved of a most odious tyranny. There are those who have insisted upon calling the government of that country a republic, but it was as absolute a personal despotism as can be found upon the globe. From the beginning of the struggle there has been nothing which should excite sympathy for LOPEZ or inspire hope in his success. The contest has been directly for the freedom of the river La Plata, and indirectly for the progress of civilization in that obscure and generally uninteresting region. We have yet to hear Minister M'MAHON'S account of the condition of the country and the rule of LOPEZ, but that of Minister WASHBURN has been repeated. The ferocities of the "President," as related by Mr. WASHBURN, are sickening; and the world will gladly know that an alliance, of which the Argentine Republic under President SARMIENTO is a member, has obtained control of the river.

Indeed, the interest of the people of the United States in all the countries of South America is so vague that the importance of the Presidency of Mr. SARMIENTO has not been properly estimated. He is a man not only thoroughly familiar with our institutions and history, but profoundly sympathetic with their spirit. He perceives both the advantages of a popular government and the necessity of general intelligence for its security and permanence. During his long residence in this country President SARMIENTO made the most extensive and accurate study of our public school system; and he is sparing no effort to elevate the standard and to extend the range of education in his own land. Such a man, devoting to the highest interests of his country his abilities and the wisdom of his experience, is the most significant and interesting figure in South America. In the Argentine Republic there is a real tendency toward high civilization, and a sagacious and representative government. The great principles of liberty and the political safeguards of freedom are pondered and practically sought. It is a country to which, especially under its present administration, our kindest thoughts and sympathies should be given; and which, if not the most extensive and powerful, is certainly the most promising of the South American States.

Brazil, on the other hand, is a country from which little is to be hoped. The Emperor, who seems to be a good-natured and somewhat cultivated man, has a way of charming visitors from the United States by praising the works of some of our authors; and when the pleased visitors write home that the Emperor of Brazil reads LONGFELLOW and IRVING, there is an effect produced which, measured by the fact, is very comical, as if Brazil were a peculiarly educated and refined country, the truth being that it is most ignorant and backward. The Emperor occasionally, also, makes remarks about emancipation. But they evidently mean nothing more than his praises of our poets. He would probably like to see slavery abolished in his empire. But it is one of the languid, ineffective feelings common to all men of good dispositions. From all that we can learn, slavery is firmly rooted in Brazil, and will yield very slowly to the growing humanity of the public opinion of the world.

It is not altogether satisfactory to observe that the victorious General of the allies in the Paraguayan campaign was apparently the Count D'EU. If it had been a native of the country, that consciousness would have inspired a self-respect which would have been of the greatest service to the future development of the people. It is unfortunate for all the allies that they should feel that they owe their success to a foreigner. But, on the other hand, Mr. SARMIENTO is the representative of a higher success, which may justly stimulate the best hope and effort, at least of his own countrymen. How grave, in contemplating him and his career, seems the responsibility of every citizen of the United States to justify the earnestness with which men like SARMIENTO, upon this continent and the other, cite our example and the beneficent working of our system.

NOTES.

EVER since the brave Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT was lost at sea three hundred years ago, saying, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land," the profoundest, but also a mournful interest, has invested Arctic travel. This feeling is deepened by the story which Captain HALL now tells. He has removed all doubt from the tragical tale of FRANKLIN'S fate, and that of all his companions. They tried to make their way from their ships to the outposts of the Hudson Bay Company, and perished miserably by exposure, disease, starvation, and possible foul play. Yet the heroic devotion which led a quiet citizen of Cincinnati to penetrate the Arctic solitudes and live among the Esquimaux, that he might learn the fate of his predecessor, can not be regarded without admiration. The Northwest Passage is discovered. There remains now nothing but to reach the North Pole, an enterprise which Captain HALL already proposes. But familiarity does not destroy the charm of mystery and fearful romance that hangs over the Arctic world. The boys of to-day will read with the same eagerness the story of Captain HALL that we older boys read that of Captain PARRY and Captain BOCK. Is there not something attractive, too, in expeditions not to find gold or ivory, but to explore regions of eternal ice and silence solely to enlarge the bounds of knowledge? Man shall, indeed, "subdue the earth," and extort all its closest secrets.

THE beautiful engravings which we published last week of the four famous trotters, "Lady Thorne," "Goldsmith Maid," "American Girl," and the "Mountain Boy," have excited great interest among the frequenters of the course. The first three of these pictures were from photographs by SCHREIBER & SON, animal photographers, of Philadelphia, to whose courtesy we have been indebted for many valuable favors.

APROPOS of the Judiciary article in the new State Constitution, Mr. TILDEN said at the Democratic Convention that "men of stainless integrity, undoubted ability and learning," must be nominated, who will stand "grandly erect, and prove to the people the purpose of the Democracy to insure a good judiciary to the land." Did Mr. TILDEN serenely mean Judge M'CUNN?

MESSRS. OLIVER DITSON & CO. have purchased at a cost of over $100,000 the entire collection of musical works, upward of seventy in number, hitherto published by MASON BROTHERS. The catalogue includes, among other well-known books, the popular, "Mason and Hoadley Piano Method," "Root's Cabinet Organ Instructor," "Carmina Sacra," "Jubilee," etc. We are informed that this addition to the list of publications by Messrs. DITSON & CO. makes it equal in extent and value to that of all other publishers in the United States combined.

HISTORY and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than that of ALBERT G. DRECKER, the watchman of the Passaic River draw-bridge, on the New York and Newark railroad. The train was due, and he was closing the draw when his little child fell into the deep water. It would have been easy enough to rescue him if the father could take the time, but already the thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his care. The brave man did his duty, but his child was drowned. The pass at Thermopylæ was not more heroically kept. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY giving the cup of cold water to the dying soldier is not a nobler figure than that of ALBERT G. DRECKER keeping the Passaic bridge.

THE DRAW-BRIDGE KEEPER.

DRECKER, a draw-bridge keeper, opened wide
The dangerous gate to let the vessel through;
His little son was standing by his side,
Above Passaic River deep and blue,
While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back,
The gate-like bridge that seems a gate of death;
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.

Either at once down in the stream to spring
And save his son, and let the living freight
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling,
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate,
Which should he do? Were you as he was tried,
Would not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
The household star that shone in love's mild skies—
Yet side by side with duty stern and grim,
Even his child became as naught to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
Who in the deep, dark water sank from view.
Then from the father's life went forth all joy;
But as he fell back pallid with his pain,
Across the bridge in safety passed the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;
True greatness needs no title and no crest
To win from men just honor and reward;
Nobility is not of rank, but mind,
And is inborn and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted. To be just and good
The birth-right of the lowest born may be.
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And, rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

HENRY ABBEY.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CUBAN EXPEDITIONS.

AMERICAN sympathy with the Cuban cause has been shown more strongly than heretofore by the number of expeditions recently fitted out and now in preparation for the aid of the Cubans. A telegram received in this city from Fernandina, Florida, October 1, informs us that the expedition which a short time since left New York on the *Alabama* ran our forts in safety and arrived off the Florida coast, where the *Alabama* was joined by the *Lilian* and *Teaser*, having 1600 men, 10,000 rifles, 500 sabres, and 20 pieces of artillery on board. General Goicura was in command. We are also informed that another expedition on a fourth vessel was being organized by Generals Steadman and Magruder. The entire force was expected to concentrate at a common rendezvous off the Cuban coast. The military expeditions will be protected probably by the *Cuba*, of which we give an illustration on page 661. It is stated that 5000 American volunteers for Cuba are still in dépôt along our Gulf coast.

NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Republican Convention met at Syracuse September 29. George William Curtis was nominated for Secretary of State, but has since declined.

The Public Debt statement for October 1 shows a decrease during September of seven and one-half millions.

A terrible accident occurred at the State Fair at Indianapolis, Indiana, October 1. A steam boiler attached to a portable saw-mill exploded, killing outright 19 persons, and more or less severely wounding a large number. Governor Baker narrowly escaped death, and his coachman was seriously injured.

"Hertzog," the famous Western race-horse, died September 28. He was owned by Major B. G. Thomas, of Lexington, Kentucky. He was three and a half years old. His dam was "Dixie." Last spring, on the Buckeye Course, Cincinnati, he made a mile in 1.43¾, said to be the best time ever made in this country.

"Lady Thorn" trotted at Narragansett Park, October 1, against the "American Girl," "Goldsmith Maid," and "George Palmer," winning the race in three straight heats.

Nearly 390,000 immigrants arrived in this country during the year ending with June.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A COMMISSION of fifteen Deputies to the Cortes has been charged with the duty of reporting on the various candidates for the throne of Spain.

Reports from Madrid represent that the republican movement in Catalonia and Andalusia promises to deceive the hopes of its instigators. In the mean time great alarm has been occasioned by the interruption of telegraphic communication between Madrid and the provinces, and a new and more extensive reactionary movement is apprehended.

General Sickles has not withdrawn his note concerning Cuba. That letter has certainly had one good result in influencing the Spanish Government to adopt a more humane policy toward the Cubans.

Fifty lives were lost by the fall of the bridge at Königsberg, Prussia, during the festival in honor of the King on the 14th of September.

The Suez Canal is practically open, water having been introduced by removing the barriers from Bitter Lake, and a steamer has passed through the canal from Port Said to Suez in fifteen hours.

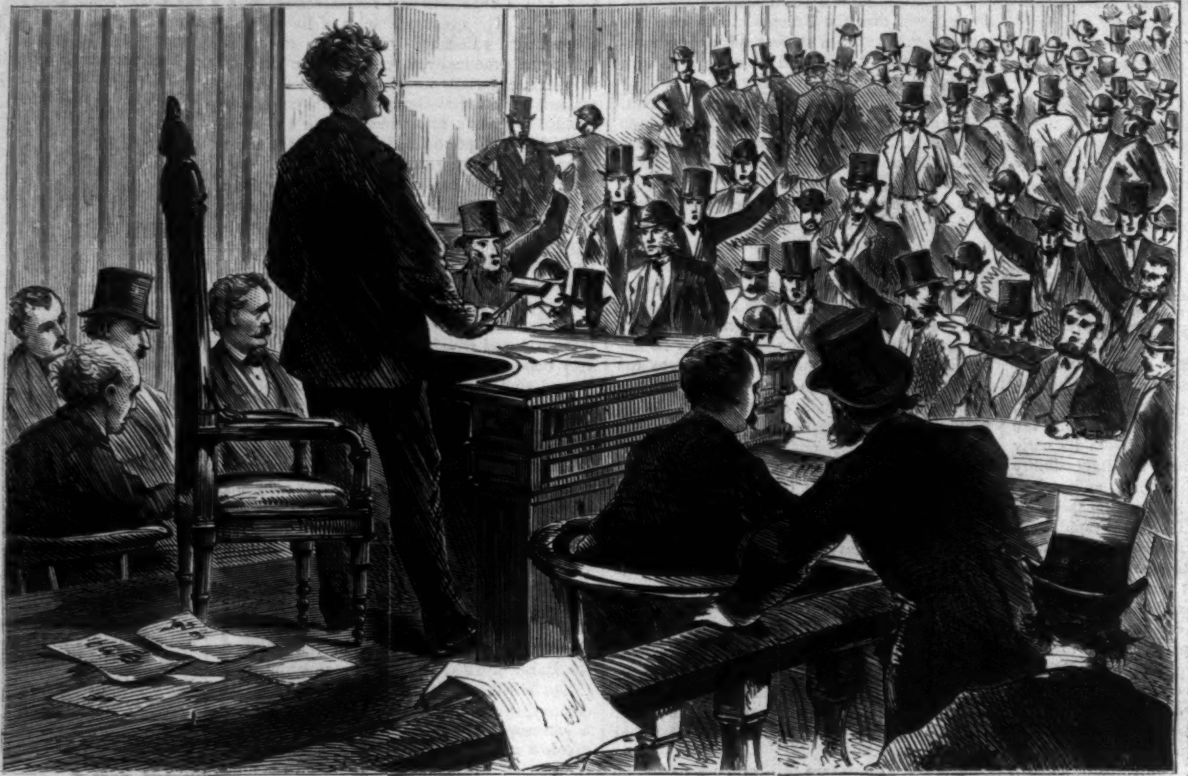
The French Senate and Corps Legislatif have been convoked to meet November 29.

Prince Napoleon has written a letter to Colonel Berton, Chairman, and other Americans sojourning in London, thanking them for their address congratulating him on his liberal speech in the Senate. The Prince reminds them of the bonds which have always united France and America, and continues: "The present position bears resemblance to that at the close of the last century. France seeks to found a liberal democracy at the moment when America emerges from a gigantic struggle for the destruction of slavery, which dishonored the Republic. The methods of France and America are different, but the end is the same. Constitutional liberty established in France will place the political sentiments of France and America in as complete accord as their interests."

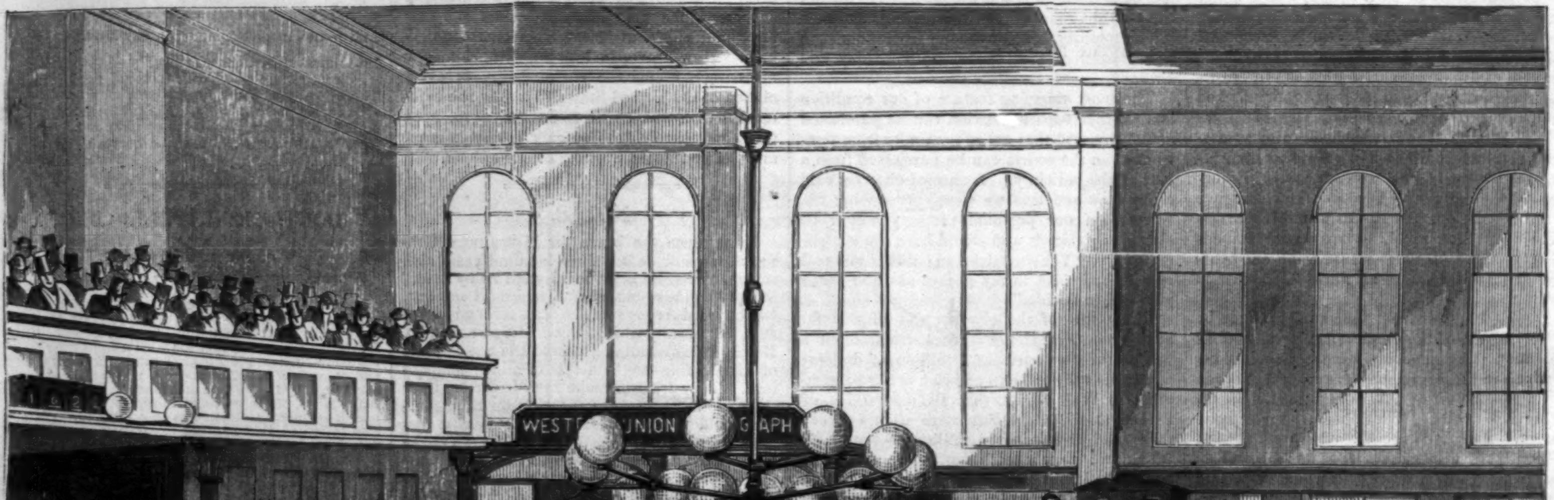
N. Y. GOLD ROOM AND STOCK BOARD.

We gave last week a record of the fluctuations of the New York gold market during the memorable 24th of September. These fluctuations were not paralleled during the war period. No such scene as that presented in the Gold Room on the 24th has been witnessed since the JAY COOKE and CHASE panic of May, 1864.

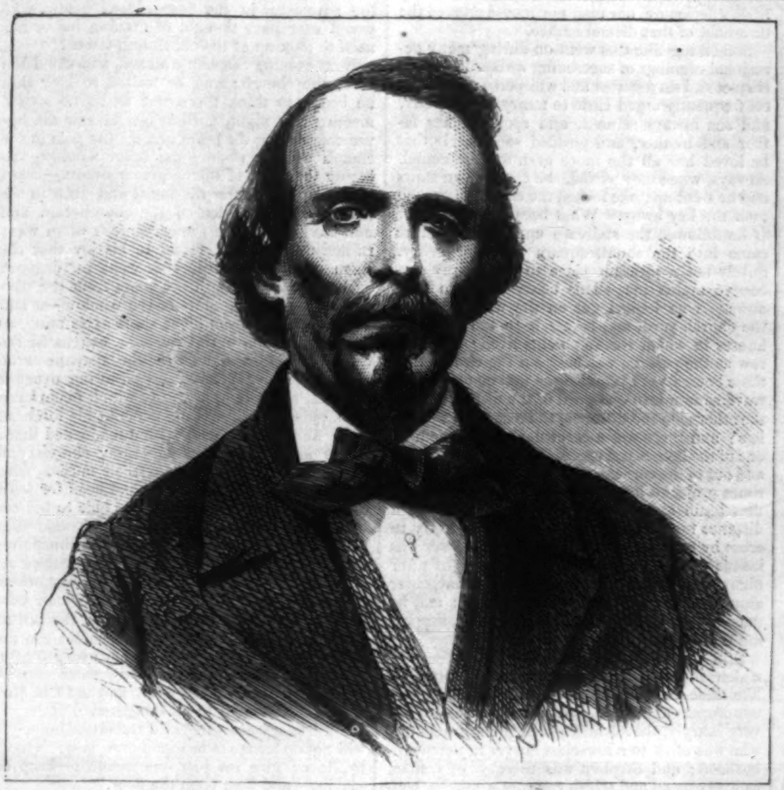
The Bulls when they met that morning were confident. Some of them boasted that they could carry gold up to 200. Much of this confidence was due to the fact that the Bulls felt secure as to any interference on the part of Secretary BOUTWELL. So they blew up their bubble; they carried gold up to 162½, which point it reached at thirty-six minutes past eleven o'clock A.M. Among the prominent operators were ALBERT SPEYER, HENRY CLEWS, HORACE WALDO and his brother, Mr. COLGATE, of the firm of TREVOR & COLGATE, Messrs. KIMBER & HELSER, and fifty others. In order to bring before the reader's mind the scene of this exciting conflict between the Bulls and Bears—namely, the New York Gold Room—let him imagine a hippotheatron, with a little fountain in the centre. The centre of the fountain is a bronze Cupid with a dolphin in its arms. From the head of Cupid arises a tiny silver stream, which falls in jets into the basin below. Fancy an iron railing ninety feet in circumference about this basin, then a space of some twenty feet between the walls and the fountain, and you have a rough idea of the Gold Room. On one side there are two galleries—the lower for the errand boys, and the upper for the spectators. Beyond the fountain, with his back toward New Street, stands the Secretary, recording the sales which he catches by his ear. Near him is the telegraph operator. Wires run from his machine to nearly five hundred brokers' offices, who are thus instantly informed of the state of the market, and are enabled to make their bids undisturbed by the furious excitement which rules in the Gold Room on important occasions.



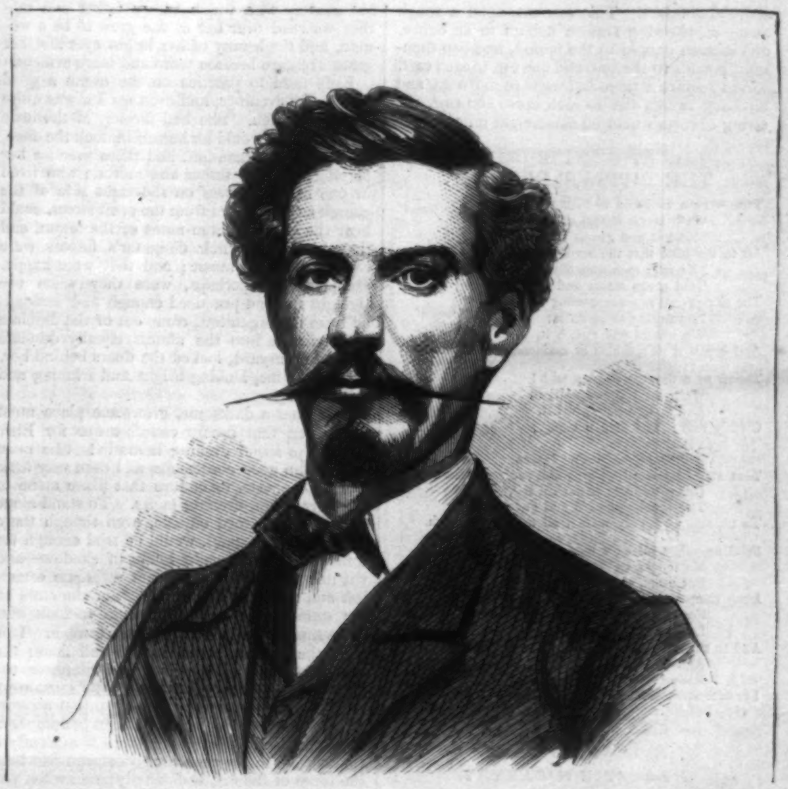
THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE BOARD IN SESSION, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.



SCENE IN THE GOLD ROOM, NEW YORK CITY, DURING THE INTENSE EXCITEMENT OF FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.



GEN. CARLOS MANUEL CESPEDES, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

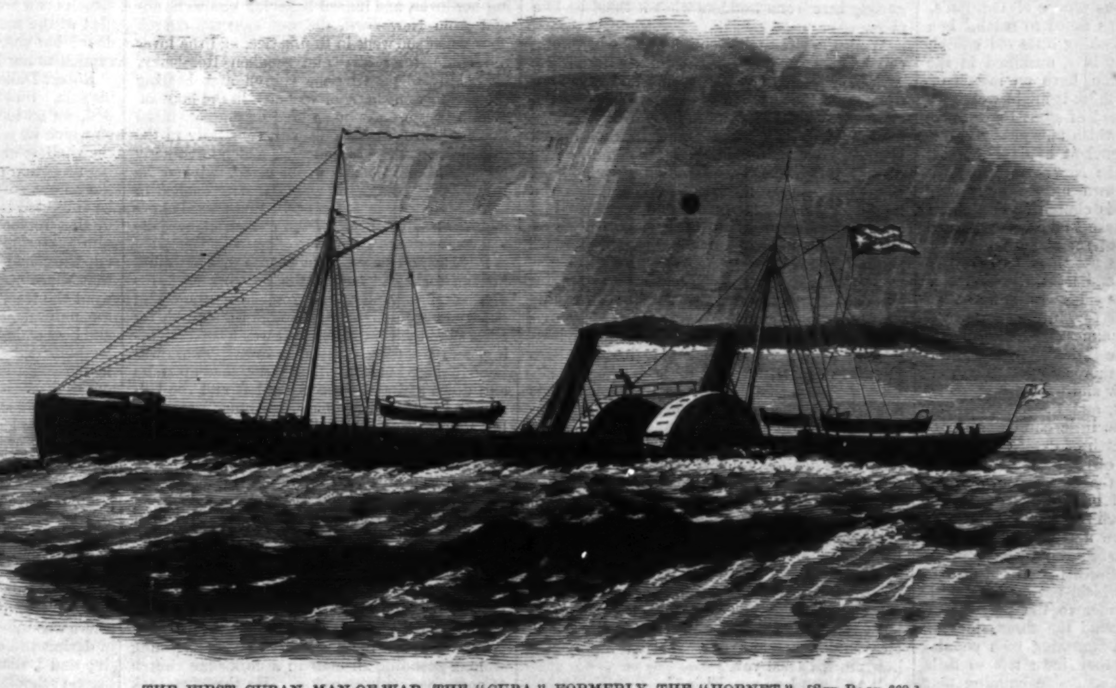


GEN. MANUEL QUESADA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

Well, as we have said, at 11.36 A.M. the Bulls were triumphant. The Bears were nowhere. In one hour and thirty-six minutes gold had sprung from 150 to 162½—12½ per cent. The scene in the Gold Room at this point baffles description. It was a scene of furious, raving, shrieking tumult. Then there was a wavering among the Bulls. A rumor had reached the Gold Room that Secretary BOUTWELL would positively sell $4,000,000 of gold that same day. In twenty minutes gold went down to 140. But three minutes after (11.59 A.M.) it was up again to 160. From that point it went down steadily until the close of the session, at 3 o'clock P.M., when it stood 133⅜.

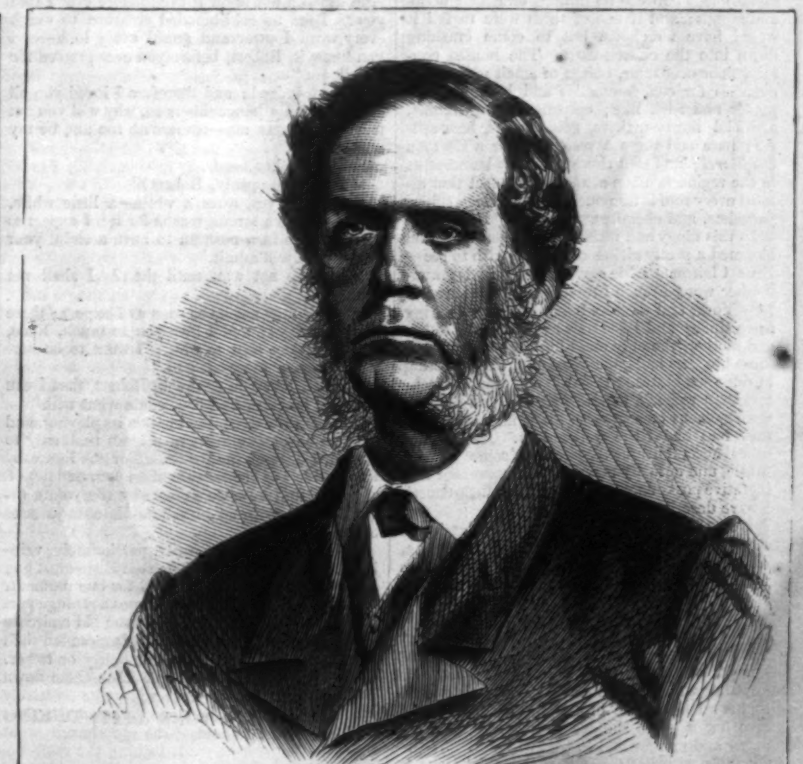
On the 25th the excitement which had ruled in the Gold Room on the previous day was transferred to the Stock Board. We give on page 660 a picture representing the scene during the session of the Stock Board on the 25th. It is said that one hundred and fifty of the operators in the Gold Room are also members of the Stock Board. The confusion, therefore, produced in the latter by the operations of the 24th may be readily imagined.

An idea may be formed of the immense business of Friday, the day of the great panic, by a perusal of the following telegraphic statistics. On that day the Franklin Telegraph sent 5000 messages; the Bankers' and Brokers', 2232; the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company at the Gold Room, 900; the office of the same line at 21 Wall Street, 800; and the main line, about 5000. More than four-fifths of this number were quotations of gold. It is stated that under the pressure the wires of the telegraph in the Gold Room were melted. The entire amount of gold sold in Wall Street September 24 is estimated



THE FIRST CUBAN MAN-OF-WAR, THE "CUBA," FORMERLY THE "HORNET."—[SEE PAGE 663.]

GEN. FREDERICO F. CABADA, COMMANDING DISTRICT OF LAS VILLAS.—[SEE PAGE 663.]



GENERAL JUAN G. DIAZ DE VILLEGAS.—[SEE PAGE 663.]

at $500,000,000. This amount, upon a rough estimate, allowing sixteen dollars to an ounce, and sixteen ounces to the pound, and two thousand pounds to the ton, and one ton to each cart, would require a thousand carts to move it; and allowing twenty feet to each horse and cart, the string of carts would be about eight miles long.

THE RIPPLES' REQUEST.

Throw us a sunbeam to play with!
We'll break it and shiver it,
Shake it and quiver it,
All to the tune that the noon-breezes sing.
The wild rose that blushes
'Mid green stalks and rushes,
The sky-gazing lily our coming that fears,
In vain try to catch it;
We waters will snatch it,
And break it in sparkles of diamonds and tears.

Throw us a flow'ret to play with!
We'll twist it and twirl it,
And spin it and whirl it,
Giddily toss it and float it along.
Vainly it cleaves
To the half-drowning leaves
That stoop'd from the banks and are prisoners too.
Green weeds can not save it,
The breeze pluck'd and gave it
To us, and we'll play with it all the day through.

Send us—oh, send us a moonbeam!
No longer we'll riot,
But quiet, so quiet,
Deep sleep we will feign, lest it leave us again;
For the silvery beam
Loves to lie on the stream,
And to stir not but dream, while the night-breezes sigh;
And we scarce dare to creep
Round the lilies asleep,
For fear it should hide once again in the sky.

A LOVER'S LEAP.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

In one of the few quarters of New York which innovation and progress have not touched, or which, to quote a famous phrase of Grattan's, "modern degeneracy has failed to reach," is a queer, quaint, mouldy-looking little old church or chapel. How old it is I, unskilled in the archæology of the region, have no means of knowing; but I should think it might well have echoed to the heavy tread of stout Peter Stuyvesant; for the houses which now nearly gird it round are themselves ancient of days—almost medieval for a place like New York; and yet they have evidently grown up gradually long since the building of this church or chapel. I say this is evident, because I take it for granted that no mortal ever yet set about building a church where there was not more or less of a clear space around it; and this little church is now blocked up on three sides with houses. In fact, it stands, one might say, in a niche formed by the encroaching and almost encircling buildings. Its place is just a little distance back of a considerable and busy thoroughfare. You step aside into a little narrow and irregular gorge of small, decaying houses, and there before you stands the gate and the little church-yard, reduced now to a mere patch of dank grass railed around with a palisade of rusty and mouldering iron. Then you see the church, low, squat, square, built mainly of brick which once was red, but has failed to keep the natural ruby of its cheeks; with a very low and stunted tower or belfry; and a general aspect of sullenness about it as of a structure which feels itself out of date and out of place, but which, nevertheless, positively refuses to surrender to the progress of audacious change. Round the three sides of the church tall houses, swarming with population, have risen; and they have left so little breathing-space for the venerable building that there hardly seems a clear way for a decent donkey-cart between its railings and their doors and stoops; and if one of them were to fall it would have no choice but to come crashing down into the church-yard. The houses contain, floor over floor, offices of small mysterious agencies for coal-companies and building-companies and such like; carpenters' work-rooms, artificial flower-makers, gold-beaters, beer-sellers; here and there a restaurant or a German *conditorei*; and that there are many laundresses in the region is made evident by the fact that almost every roof is festooned with fluttering shirts, pantalets, and chemises.

In this dingy and melancholy region lived and bloomed a pretty girl as one might wish to see—Elsie Clairon. Elsie's grandfather and grandmother were French Canadians, who settled in New York, and the family had gone on growing there since; and Elsie now lived with her father and mother, the only child left to them; for her three brothers had gone West, and were farming in different States. Elsie's father was a watchmaker in rather a small way. He and his wife were persons of some education and taste, and they had had Elsie well taught. Among her other accomplishments she had some gift of music, and actually now held the important and lucrative post of organist in the drear little church I have described.

Now there had once been a sad calamity in Elsie's family. She had a sister, a handsome, dark-eyed girl, too attractive and too restless for her surroundings; and she had been seen somewhere by a young man from a better quarter of the city, and she had gone with him to the park and to concerts; and the rest need hardly be told. The poor girl repented bitterly; and her parents would have forgiven her and still kept her with them, but New York was hateful to her; and as one of her brothers offered to give her a home she went with him, and her father and mother had to part with her. We do not meet with her directly in this story; she is mentioned thus early for the purpose of explaining and emphasizing the keen and almost morbid anxiety with which Elsie's father and mother watched over her as she grew to be a woman, and the beauty of her bright eyes and her graceful figure became more and more evident.

Elsie used to practice on the organ a good deal in the evenings, and even until it was quite dark very often. She had the key of the little church. She would let herself in, lock the door, mount to the organ-loft, and there practice her playing; and her father and mother, who lived in one of the houses on the right side of the church as you looked from the open street, could hear the sweet, solemn notes of the organ, and they knew that their daughter's fingers were calling forth the music; and they were happy. Happier still, perhaps, were they when she thought she had practiced enough and descended from the organ-loft, came out of the desolate little church into the almost equally desolate little church-yard, locked the doors behind her, and ran home, looking bright and winning and full of love.

But what a darksome, grewsome place must have been that dreary church-tower for Elsie Clairon to spend evening hours in! She must have had a good conscience, and been very little afraid of ghosts, to endure that place alone in the gray, grim, evening hours. To stand alone in the church-yard outside, even though there be houses all around, would be trial enough for some nerves at certain hours of shadow—and yet this girl sits alone in that awesome organ-loft and plays for hours, long after the stars of the summer evening have begun to look out. Take this particular evening, for example. It is late; the sun has gone down a full hour; the season is the very latest verge of summer; the night has already begun to drop its curtain of gloom; the clouds cover the sky so that no stars can be seen; the air is heavy, thick, surcharged apparently with electricity; there is evidently a thunder-storm approaching. Yet you can hear the tones of the organ distinctly; and when you hear them you may know that Elsie Clairon is sitting there in that doleful tower. It is very ghostly here—one wonders what it must be like *there.*

Well, the story-teller enters every where, and can take his audience with him, as the *Diable Boiteux* could carry Don Cleofas, and with Don Cleofas all the world of readers. We enter the church—and truly it is a dismal edifice. Things look far drearier within than even without. All is gray, gloomy, mouldering, sepulchral. The dismalness and darkness oppress the soul. How *can* Elsie endure the place? We follow the strains of her music till we find ourselves just on the last step of the tortuous, rickety flight of stairs leading to the organ gallery; and there we pause. We will not intrude; but we will listen while the pretty girl plays, and we will admire the courage which enables her to brave this spectre-haunted gloom.

Spectre-haunted! The word let fall carelessly must have a genuine meaning here. There positively *are* ghosts—for there is a figure sitting by Elsie's side! And she knows it, and is not afraid. She still plays on; her skillful fingers never pause in their thrilling labor; but the goblin speaks to her in low, whispering tones; and Elsie whispers back in reply; and their heads are sometimes very close together.

"Elsie, my love," whispers the spectre, "don't you trust in me?"

She looks sadly, lovingly at him, and whispers back:

"Trust you? Ah, if I did not trust you wholly, should we be here now together? Should I ever have allowed this to go on? Should I have risked so much? Robert, you know and Heaven knows—and only Heaven and you—how much I trust you."

"And you love me, Elsie?"

"Have I not told you so, more than once? And did you not know it even before ever I told you? I am no cold-blooded creature, to weigh every word I utter and guard every look—and you knew it, Robert, before you ever pressed me to tell you."

"I did, indeed; and therefore I loved you all the more. But since this is so, why will you not trust yourself to me—come with me and be my wife?"

She shook her head.

"Your wife openly, Robert?"

"Openly; yes, after a while—a little while, just. I have a strong reason for it; I expect to be very soon in a position to have a claim your father even will admit."

"Can we not wait until then? I shall not change."

"But it may not be so soon as I expect; there may be delays; and I love you so much, Elsie, that I can not bear to wait. I want to be certain of you, come what will."

"And I love you so much, Robert, that I can wait and be certain of you, come what will."

All this time the organ kept on its playing, and gave an accompaniment of solemn psalmody to the word-duet of the lovers. For the figure by Elsie's side was clearly that of a lover, and not of a ghost; and now we know why the young organist was not afraid of the desolate darknesses of the old church.

The lover pleaded warmly, passionately, vainly. At last it became so late that Elsie must go; and then their lips approached for one moment, and they parted. But here comes a strange part of the story. I have spoken of the old staircase which led up to the organ-loft. It mounted then a little farther up into the old belfry or tower. Now, when the lovers parted, Elsie came down the stairs and Robert went up. She positively came down the stairs alone, crossed the floor and then the threshold of the old church, went out into the church-yard, locking the door behind her and carrying away the key! Has she then locked her lover into that dreary, ghastly solitude for the night? It is certain that, after Elsie's departure, nor man nor mouse crossed the threshold of that dismal edifice.

Something like this went on during many occasional evenings of succeeding weeks. The lovers met and sat together and whispered; and Robert frequently urged Elsie to marry him secretly, and she always refused, and spoke of her father and mother, and pleaded so tenderly that he loved her all the more even for her denial. Always, when they parted, she came down stairs and he went up; she locked the church door, and took the key away. What became of Robert? If he followed the staircase until it stopped he came into the squat, square tower or belfry. Surely not a pleasant place to pass many successive nights in! This belfry had two windows. One looked out on the wider side of the church-yard, and across it to the range of houses in which Elsie's parents lived; and narrow as the passage was between the church and these houses, yet I promise you that no man could traverse in a leap one-third of the distance. On the other side the distance, to be sure, was much less; and there was a carpenter's work-room in one of the houses just opposite the tower window; and out of the carpenter's window there did sometimes project a huge beam. Still, even between that beam and the turret window, there was a distance no man I ever saw would like to try to cross by a leap, even if we suppose our lover was insane enough to risk his life thus night after night. Moreover, there was a young carpenter almost constantly at work in that room; and he must have seen any such aerial exercises, supposing them to be possible.

Still there were eyes watching the lovers of which they never dreamed. Every pretty girl like Elsie Clairon has had to reject importunate admirers; and Elsie had had to repel, at last very sharply, the advances of Stephen Roseberry, who was clerk to a low-class lawyer in the neighborhood; and Stephen was thereby, of course, as every mean and selfish creature would be, converted into the enemy of the woman who would not have his love. One night, Elsie, not expecting her lover, and indeed believing him to be absent from New York, did not lock the church door when she went in to practice, and the lover did come, after all; and Stephen Roseberry, happening to pass by the church and hearing the organ, went in, poor wretch! in the hope of meeting Elsie. As he entered he felt convinced that he heard her talking with somebody in the organ-loft. Yes—he listened, and he distinctly heard an affectionate good-night. Then he heard Elsie coming down; and he crouched in one of the pews to watch her. She passed along alone! She went out of the church alone—she locked the door behind her—she locked Stephen in! Much as he was vexed and horrified to find himself locked in amidst the growing darkness of that ghastly place, he yet had courage and energy enough to search through the church for Elsie's hidden companion. It was a small building, and the search was soon over. There was nobody there but himself. He searched up stairs and down stairs; in the organ-loft and the belfry, and he found no one. No human creature but himself was in the church!

There was no way for him to escape that night, unless, perhaps, by dashing out a window and creating an alarm, or tolling the bell. He wisely elected to avoid scandal, and so slept quietly in a pew until morning; then hid himself until the sexton opened the church doors, and so got out unnoticed.

Now Stephen Roseberry was no believer in ghosts. Such belief is not a common weakness among lawyers' clerks. Moreover, even if he had believed in ghosts, he could never have been got to believe in the possibility of a pretty young woman spending an hour in a darksome church to commune with a spectre. He therefore took it for granted that Elsie Clairon had been conversing with a living, flesh-and-blood lover; and as he could not guess how the lover had got out, he merely came to the conclusion that there was a way of getting out as yet unknown to him, and he went to work patiently to discover it. He thought of subterranean passages, trap-doors, gratings that could be lifted, and so on; and he lurked about the church-yard of nights, and spied into every opening and outlet within his reach, as if he had been a professional detective. He discovered nothing. Elsie always came out alone; and yet he felt convinced that she had not been alone in the church.

At last, this very night that we have been speaking of, Stephen's patient sneaking watchfulness was rewarded. A mere chance showed him what his sagacity might never have discovered. He was at his post as usual, and he saw Elsie depart alone. The thunder-storm which had been threatening came on, and he ran for shelter to the side of the church where the houses approached nearest. The first flash of lightning made him look up involuntarily, and he started in wild surprise and excitement; for lo! above his head, he beheld the solution of the mystery.

Opposite the tower window was the carpenter's work-room with the projecting beam. From the tower window was pushed a long pole, apparently with a hook or grappling-iron of some kind attached, for it caught firmly to the beam; and then along this pole, which looked to Stephen hardly thicker than a walking-cane, the figure of a man crept astride with wonderful quickness and dexterity until it had reached the stout beam, and then the window of the carpenter's workroom. It was but the affair of a moment, and the pole was drawn in, and all trace of the aerial flight was gone.

There was the mystery explained! The houses, among which was the carpenter's room, were nearly all occupied in the upper stories by offices and working-places which were closed and deserted long before dark. Once the dusk of evening set in, there was hardly any one there to note the aerial feat of the daring lover. On the pavement, in the beer-saloons below, who would ever have thought of craning his or her neck to look up at the old church tower?

Next evening Stephen watched, and saw Elsie enter the church; and he waited so long that he began to think there was to be no lovers' meeting that night, until at last he saw the figure creep along the beam and fix the pole in the church window above—the latter window was higher than that of the carpenter's room—crawl swiftly up, and enter the tower and draw in the pole. He darted out of the church-yard and into the house where the carpenter's room was; rushed up the stairs, found to his joy that the room door was not locked, went in, dragged back by main strength the beam from the window, put down the glass of the window—it had no shutters—and ran down stairs exclaiming, as he went, "I have the rat now caught in the trap!" Then he burst into the apartments of old Clairon as the latter sat pottering over his watches, and told him a story which made Clairon's pulses thrill, and the veins in his forehead swell, and his eyes flash with a maddened light.

Our lovers sat in the darkening church, and Elsie's fingers still sent out their music. The lovers were happier than they had been for some time, because Robert Dallas was able to tell her some news which gave them hope; and they both looked forward to a near-approaching time when mystery and concealment and clandestine meetings, and the whole system of secrecy, which was especially distasteful to Elsie's clear, pure nature, should be at an end, and the lovers could meet openly, and boldly demand the approval of their love. So, as they spoke together in low, hopeful, happy tones, there came a knocking at the church door, and old Clairon's voice called angrily to his daughter.

"Elsie, my dearest," said Robert, calmly, "it will not do for me to be found even now. Good-by, love; give me just one moment—keep on playing—and then open the door."

And he sped up stairs, nothing doubting that he should find the way of escape easy as usual. Elsie's color was heightened and her limbs trembled at the mere alarm of the knocking at the door; but she, too, never dreamed of any interruption to her lover's flight.

Robert Dallas sprang to the window and seized his pole. Suddenly he fell back amazed and startled, for on looking across he saw that the beam on which he relied had been withdrawn, and that the window of the room was closed. A sickening sensation came over him as he thought of the odious suspicions to which poor Elsie would be subjected if he were now found there. Even in that moment of confusion it was evident to him that some enemy was at work, that some exposure had been planned and intended, and that the object was to injure Elsie. He knew what the fears and prejudices—only in this case too natural—of old Clairon were likely to be; and how little he could blame the poor parent if he thought the worst. Even if he had remained in the organ-loft with Elsie and braved the anger of her father it would have been better; it would at least have shown a consciousness of innocence. But now to have hidden, to have fled, and to be discovered after all—could any thing look more guilty? No—nothing could seem more guilty; and never were two human beings in the world more innocent. Elsie's fame was at stake! Every second that passed was fraught with ruin. Robert raged and chafed wildly—he almost thought of flinging himself out of the window headlong. Then he gathered his judgment and resolution about him, and calmly surveyed the place. Between him and the carpenter's window there was indeed a dark, wide, awful gulf. But a daring and athletic gymnast might leap across it; and Dallas had been trained in the best gymnastic schools of England and of Germany. He held his breath, gazed for a moment, made his calculation, and decided. He scrambled into the tower window, and thence, summoning all the strength of his fibres and frame, sprang feet foremost, and holding his pole as if it were a lance, right at the window of the carpenter's room. He had not overrated his strength, agility, and accuracy of calculation. With a flight that almost took away his breath he crossed the space between wall and wall. His feet crashed through the glass and the sashes of the carpenter's window, and he might with the shock have fallen backward, only that the moment he drove his pole through the window he suddenly turned it into a horizontal position, and made it a bar which more than spanned the window inside, and enabled him to hold on safely and maintain his place. Then he descended quietly into the room. His hands and arms were cut and scratched, but his face was quite uninjured; and in a mere moment the window was open, the broken sash taken away, the beam projected anew, and a young carpenter in his shirt-sleeves was planing away at the inner part of it.

When Elsie ran down to open the church door she had but one resolve, and that was—if her father came alone, and came with any suspicion of her lover's presence—to throw herself on his affection and tell him all. But her heart was chilled when she saw Stephen Roseberry, and knew at a glance that he had played the spy, and had filled her father's heart with suspicion.

Indeed, she got no opportunity of saying any thing. Her father only pushed her aside, and, led by Roseberry, ran up the stairs of the tower. Roseberry sprang triumphantly into the tower, looked wildly about him, ran to the window, glared out of it, and then fell back utterly discomfited. There was no one in the tower but himself and Clairon. In the window of the carpenter's room opposite a lamp was now burning, and the industrious young carpenter was quietly working away in his shirt-sleeves.

"Sold!" exclaimed Roseberry, hoarse and almost breathless with excitement. "Clairon, I swear to you, he was here only five minutes ago."

"And flew out of the window there, like a bird, I suppose," replied Clairon, grimly. "Roseberry, you have been drinking, or your jealousy has taken away your wits. Only that I can make allowance for a disappointed man like you I would make you suffer for this. Go down stairs and get away, you fool! I was a greater fool still for paying any attention to your story. Take your dime romance tales somewhere else next time."

Roseberry descended, silent and sullen, and went his way, still determined, some time or other, to convict the lovers and establish his own justification. Old Clairon said not a word on the subject to his daughter, but was very kind and tender to her all the evening. For her part, she felt deeply compunctious, and only waited until her next meeting with her lover to declare to him that she would keep the secret no longer.

Her time of trial was nearly over. Two days after, a handsome, very gentlemanly young man came into old Clairon's room, and told him he had come to ask for his daughter in marriage.

"I belong to a family one member of which did you a great wrong, Mr. Clairon," he said, gravely; "but I am glad to be able to tell you that he has to the best of his power endeavored to repair it. You will hear within a few days from your daughter Alice. She is now Mrs. Edward Dallas, and is the wife of my brother. I am Robert Dallas—your daughter Elsie and I have long loved each other; but until the wrong done to you had been repaired we did not venture to ask you to consent to our marriage. My brother has a good heart, and some feeling of conscience and honor, and he is repentant, and will do his best to make one of your daughters happy. Give me the other."

Needless to say that Robert Dallas was accepted and welcomed.

"Then you were in the church that night?" old Clairon said, with twinkling eye.

"That night, and other nights—it is quite a romantic story, I assure you. I was the carpenter in the room yonder—I hired the room for the purpose. I always had a taste for amateur carpentering. I planned the pole and beam machinery."

"But how did you escape that night? Roseberry swore he took away the beam and shut the window."

"Just a little venture, and a leap across a few feet of space and through some panes of glass. But we mustn't tell Elsie of that—for the present, at least. It would alarm and distress her, perhaps. When the whole affair has faded into a little distance, I will venture some night to amuse her with this odd story of a lover's leap."

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

We give this week, on page 661, portraits of the most prominent leaders of the Cuban revolution, which we have obtained through the courtesy of the officers of the Cuban Junta in this city. The officers of the Junta, believing that many of our readers may desire to obtain photographic likenesses of President Cespedes and of General Quesada, the Cuban Commander-in-Chief, have made arrangements to furnish such pictures, upon application at their office at No. 71 Broadway. The proceeds from the sale of these interesting photographs will be devoted to the alleviation of the sufferings of sick and wounded soldiers of the patriot Cuban armies.

Carlos Manuel de Cespedes was born in Bayamo, April 18, 1819. His parents were Jesu Maria de Cespedes and Francisca de Borja Lopes del Castillo, both belonging to most respected and honorable families of that city.

Carlos Manuel passed his boyhood in the country, where he breathed in from the exhilarating air of the mountains an ardent love for liberty. Afterward he entered a convent, where he studied Latin and *belles-lettres*, remaining there till he attained the age of fifteen; he then went to Havana with the intention of studying law in the University, and completed the course, graduating in 1838, having passed a brilliant examination.

Now a lawyer, with the degree of Bachelor, he returned to Bayamo, and married Maria del Carmen Cespedes, who died very recently.

In 1840 he sailed for Europe, and resided for some time at Barcelona. Here he made the necessary studies for the grade of a licenciado of the law, which he obtained in 1842.

He improved every occasion to defend Cuba against the attacks which were made by Spaniards, and also formed a close intimacy with General Prim, taking an active part in the republican conspiracy which that distinguished man had incited. He was on this account banished to France by the Spanish Government. In 1844 he came to America, and fixed his residence at Bayamo, his native city. He obtained there great reputation as a lawyer, cultivated literature, and acquired a considerable fortune. In 1852 he was arrested in Bayamo because of a demonstration which he had made at a banquet in favor of Cuban independence. From the prison of Bayamo he was sent to Morro Castle, in Santiago de Cuba, where he was held for five months.

In 1867, and during the early part of 1868, he suffered new persecutions from the government, and, escaping as he best could, he began anew to devote himself to the cause of his country with great earnestness, attending Masonic associations and assisting at revolutionary juntas, which were commenced in July of 1868, in which he always declared himself firmly for the independence of Cuba and its emancipation from the Spanish rule. He was also an advocate of negro emancipation.

The discontent of the country increasing, the result was new attempts for reform in the system of taxation, which was as ruinous as it was unjust, under Lersundi's government. These attempts, with other influences, in the end brought about the revolution.

On the 8th of October the patriots began to assemble in the mill "Dernajagna" of Cespedes; and, with him at the head, five hundred patriots, on the evening of the 10th, swore allegiance to the flag of liberty.

The first encounter with the Spanish troops was at Yara. The revolutionary column, numbering one thousand, marched to Barrancas, which was taken on the 15th; and on the 17th they advanced upon Bayamo.

Here the number of patriots was increased to three thousand, and after three days of siege and combat the garrison of the town was obliged to capitulate.

At this decisive moment Cespedes desired to perform a great act of justice. He granted absolute and unconditional liberty to all his slaves, and took with him in his army all who wished to accompany him. From this time Cespedes has been at the head of the Cuban revolution, exhibiting the greatest patriotism, and renouncing all selfish aggrandizement. To-day he is President of the Republic of Cuba, and history will register his name among those of the great benefactors of humanity.

General Manuel Quesada was born in the city of Camaguey on the 29th of March, 1833, and belonged to one of the principal families of Cuba. He emigrated, at the age of nineteen, to Mexico, impelled by the love of adventure.

Inclining to a military life, he entered the service of the Republic in 1856, and was always distinguished for his valor and intelligence. It is not necessary to say that he embraced the Liberal cause, fighting first at Partido Beaccionario, and always leagued against the Emperor Maximilian.

As chief of a column he obtained very brilliant triumphs, and in battles with the French he had the glory of defeating them successively at Fortin, Tepejee del Rio, Arroyo-Sarco, Calpulalpan, San Martino, Fesmelucan, and in several other actions, among which figure the memorable battles of the 5th of May, 1862, at Puebla and at Pachuca, where he was honored with the rank of General.

His most brilliant victory was that of Palo-Gacho at Vera Cruz, where he routed a large force of African Cazadores and other cavalry with a much inferior force. It was at Calpulalpan that he attained to the rank of Colonel, and soon after to that of General, for his gallant conduct. The battle of Palo-Gacho was the first which took place between the Mexican and French troops, and this was soon followed by that of the Cruz-Blanca, or White Cross.

General Quesada received medals of honor for the 5th of May and for Pachuca, and was selected to fill high official posts, among others that of Governor of the States of Flascala, Coahuila, and Durango.

In 1865 General Quesada came to New York, where he has devoted himself exclusively to the cause of liberty for his country, and has labored incessantly for that object, exciting in the Cuban patriots an enthusiastic desire to strike a death-blow to the Spanish rule in their island. Two months before the heroic President of the Cuban Junta gave the cry for independence in Yara, General Quesada was at Camaguey, *incognito*, accompanied by the distinguished patriot Pablo Perez, they having gone thither for the purpose of organizing the insurrection, and providing for any deficiency in their military resources. He afterward proceeded to Nassau, from which place he superintended the insurrection of Yara.

He was enabled to collect resources there for the purchase of some thousands of arms; and with these and a handful of distinguished patriots of the Sociedad Habanero he embarked in a small vessel, in the midst of a violent storm, on the 23d of December, 1868. He succeeded in reaching the port of Guanaja, and disembarked the 27th of the same month, in spite of the fury of the elements and the fire of a small Spanish fort.

General Quesada did not aspire to any command in Cuba, but the Court of Camaguey named him General-in-Chief of the troops of Comarca; and on account of his labors for the organization of the army, and his great services to his country, he was named by the Congress, or Junta, General-in-Chief of the troops of the republic.

General Frederico Fernandez Cabada, the son of an employé of the Spanish Government and a lady of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was born at Cienfuegos, Cuba, in 1832. Educated in the United States, he embraced the profession of a civil engineer; but finding himself in this country at the beginning of the late war, both his sentiments and his convictions impelled him to join the Federal army, in which he served actively, with the rank of Captain, through the campaigns of M'Clellan, distinguishing himself in the operations of the Army of the Potomac, and finally taking part in the battle of Gettysburg. Taken prisoner in that battle, with a part of the regiment that he was commanding in the capacity of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was with General Graham, under whose orders he was serving, carried to the Libby Prison in Richmond, where he remained confined for nine months, suffering the greatest distress and privation. There he wrote, at the suggestion of his companions in misfortune, a little book, entitled "Libby Life," which he afterward published, and which met with great favor. After having been exchanged, and notwithstanding his feeble health, he accepted the position and performed the duties of Adjutant-General on the staff of General Birney; but on account of his sickness, which increased during the campaign against Richmond, he was compelled to give up the service.

Returning to his native country he was appointed by the United States Government to the American Consulate at Trinidad, which position he held from his nomination up to the outbreak of the Cuban revolution, the cause of which he ardently embraced. His position in society and his domestic happiness were sacrificed by Cabada at the call of duty; and, leading the uprising in the Cinco Villas district, he began the series of arduous operations which have caused the largest portion in the Central Department of Cuba to be rescued from Spanish tyranny. Major-General Cabada is actually the Commander-in-Chief of the Cinco Villas army, by official appointment of the republican government of Cuba.

Juan G. Diaz de Villegas, a son of Cuban parents, and belonging to a respectable family, was born in Havana on the 24th of June, 1821. He lost his father at a very early age. His education commenced in his native city; but later he came to New York, and entered the college of Mr. Peugnet. On account of the circumstances of his family, he remained but a short time in this metropolis, and returned while yet young to Havana. There he found himself his own master; and it being very difficult for him to pursue a literary profession, he devoted his attention to the management of his estate in the country, and became a skillful planter. At twenty years of age he married, in Cienfuegos, his cousin, the daughter of his uncle, José Gregorio Diaz de Villegas, a distinguished and wealthy lawyer, whose landed property he managed until 1846. At that time the conspiracy of General Narciso Lopez was betrayed by one of the conspirators. In that plot Villegas was engaged, as were also his father-in-law and his oldest brother, Francisco. These two, although unconvicted, were imprisoned, and suffered the most cruel treatment at the hands of the Spanish Government, being confined for eight months in dark and filthy dungeons. Villegas escaped by reason of his being at the time in Havana.

On the failure of the Lopez conspiracy Villegas returned to his rural occupations, but always cherished a lively hope for the deliverance of his country from the tyranny of Spain. The glorious outbreak of Yara, therefore, found his patriotic feelings ready to be awakened. Villegas immediately decided to aid that outbreak by a revolt in Cienfuegos, and he devoted all his attention to the securing of men and the accumulation of arms for that purpose. As he enlisted the general sympathies of his countrymen, these hastened in great numbers to compromise themselves in the movement, choosing him as their chief; but the want of arms, unfortunately, prevented his profiting by the services of all. Villegas spent four months in this dangerous work of preparation; but at last it became impossible longer to conceal his operations, and on the 7th of February he took the field, leading a band of patriots, badly armed, but devoted to the cause. Their arms consisted of pikes, *machetes*, pistols, and shot-guns.

Villegas left his son Leopold in the city, ordering him to accompany his mother and sisters; but the young man, desirous of serving his country in the field, disobeying his father's orders, abandoned the city and presented himself at his father's head-quarters, saying to him, "Though I am obliged to obey your orders as a father, you can not forbid me to serve my country as a soldier; and I ask of you a place as private in the ranks of the Liberating Army." Very soon did the young man prove that he was a true soldier of a noble cause; he distinguished himself highly for his courage and intelligence.

Juan G. Diaz de Villegas is to-day one of the most distinguished chieftains of the Cincos Villas army, and it is hoped that through his courageous efforts this part of Cuba will soon be completely free from Spanish thralldom.

On the same page with the portraits of these illustrious Cubans we give a representation of the first Cuban man-of-war, the *Cuba*, formerly the *Hornet*. She is now fairly at sea, flying the Cuban flag, with a full crew and a heavy armament, prepared to make war upon Spanish commerce.

The history of this smart blockade-runner during the last few months has been an exciting one, from the time she left the yard of Reaney, Neafle, & Co., at Kensington, until she completed her equipment as an armed privateer during the last few days. She has slipped successively through the fingers of the customs and revenue officers of Philadelphia, the authorities of Halifax, and of the port of New York; has shipped men, provisions, coal, arms, and ammunition within a short distance of the latter port; and is now at sea, and likely to do no little damage among the Spanish steam and sailing marine.

The armament of the *Cuba* consists of three 60-pound Parrotts, two 30-pound Parrotts, two 24-pound brass howitzers, forty or fifty copper torpedoes, ten tons of powder, and a large quantity of shot and shell, besides small arms.

On the 29th of September the *Cuba* hoisted the Cuban flag, and disclosed her true character. She is commanded by Captain Higgins, formerly of the United States Navy. She is a very fast vessel, and her only immediate trouble is likely to arise from a short supply of coal. In our news column will be found an account of the recent expeditions which have been fitted out for the aid of the Cuban patriots.

We give on page 668 an illustration of one of the Spanish gun-boats which, as our readers will remember, were ordered to be seized by our Secretary of the Navy a few weeks since. These boats received their hull at Mystic, Connecticut, but with this exception they have been constructed at the Delamater Iron Works of this city. Our illustration shows the first one of these boats that has been completed on her trial trip up the Hudson. She is a very snug little propeller, modeled somewhat after the old Savannah and Charleston line of steamers—a miniature *Huntsville*, in fact. She measures 105 feet on the keel, is fore-and-aft-schooner rigged, and carries an engine of 150-horse power. She has accommodations for a crew of forty men all told, and will carry a 100-pound Parrott gun. She can steam ten nautical miles an hour, the speed obliged by the terms of the contract, and easily accomplished by her on her recent trial-trip up the Hudson.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker?—Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the bank.

Sentimental Youth. "My dear Maria, will you share my lot for life?"

Practical Girl. "How many acres in your lot, Sir?"

When should a newspaper be the sharpest?—When it is filed.

Sheridan's Dance.

"Saratoga and Long Branch—you have seen them,"
  Said Charley one morning to Joe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them,
  For bother my wig if I know."
Quoth Joe, "'Tis the easiest matter
  At once to distinguish the two—
At the one you go into the water,
  At the other it goes into you!"

A Louisville matron, whose husband snores badly, keeps a clothes' pin underneath her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her she adjusts the pin on his nasal organ, and then slumbers peacefully.

Mr. Simms says if it wasn't for the hole in the hoop you couldn't put it on the barrel, and the barrel would burst.

Gold at 160.

Gold at 130.

"SOMETHING NEW."—[Drawn by Charles G. Bush.]

BYRON, THE FORBIDDEN.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Oh, memories of green and pleasant places,
  Where happy birds their wood-notes twittered low!
Oh, love that lit the dear familiar faces
  We buried long ago!

From barren heights their sweetness we remember,
  And backward gaze with wistful yearning eyes,
As hearts regret 'mid snow-drifts of December
  The summer's sunny skies.

Glad hours that seemed their rainbow tints to borrow
  From some illumined page of fairy lore;
Bright days that never lacked a bright to-morrow;
  Days that return no more.

Fair gardens with their many-blossomed alleys,
  And red-ripe roses breathing out perfume;
Dim violet nooks in green sequestered valleys,
  Empurpled o'er with bloom.

Sunsets that lighted up the brown-leaved beeches,
  Turning their dusky glooms to shimmering gold;
Moonlight that on the river's fern-fringed reaches
  Streamed, white-rayed, silvery cold.

O'er moorlands bleak we wander weary-hearted,
  Through many a tangled wild and thorny maze,
Remembering as in dreams the days departed,
  The by-gone happy days.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book X.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOE DOWSETT'S NEWS.

It was not far from ten o'clock when Joe Dowsett returned from Shipley Magna. Joe was in some respects an excellent servant, but he had his failings—among which might be reckoned an inability to resist strong liquor when proffered gratuitously. During twenty years Joe had not been known to be drunk at his own expense. But a visit to the Crown at Shipley Magna, where he was an old crony and customer of the head hostler, was pretty sure to result in Joe's partial intoxication.

On the present occasion he had ridden to Shipley and back on the old pony, the sole beast of burden belonging to the vicar. And Joe attributed the enormous amount of time occupied in the journey to his own remarkable humanity to the pony.

"Mustn't press him hard, the old beast," said Joe on his return, standing before the kitchen fire, the heat of which caused his wet clothes to steam again.

"No fear of *you* pressing him hard to come away from the Crown," retorted Joanna. "I advise you to get to your bed, and take off them damp things. Else you'll be getting a fever, or the rheumaticks, or something. Only," she added, under her breath—"only we know there's a special providence for certain folks; and I'm sure you're one on 'em this night, Joe Dowsett."

"All right, Jo-anna. I feel pretty comfortable, thank 'ee. No, no; mustn't press the old pony. The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

At this moment Catherine came back from the sitting-room, whither she had been, according to orders, to give her master the tidings of Joe's return.

"Master's fine and vexed," she said, "at Joe being so late. He said he wanted to send Joe to fetch home Miss Veronica if he had come at any reasonable hour. But now it's too late."

"Why was he unwilling to let her stay at Mrs. Plew's?" asked Joanna.

"Oh, I don't know. Miss Veronica has staid there before. But the vicar said as he'd have gone to fetch her hisself, only it's such a night, and been getting worse and worse since sundown. I think master feels lonely after being used to Sir John's company. And then both the young ladies being away the first evening and all—it's made him cross. He says he shall go to bed, and you're to send him up a slice of dry toast and a glass of negus, with not too much nutmeg in it."

"Negus ain't a bad thing," observed Joe Dowsett.

"You go to your bed, Joe, for mercy's sake!" cried the old woman, impatiently. "Don't stand a steaming there like a copper on washing day."

"I feel pretty comfortable, Jo-anna. I see a friend of yours at the Crown this evening—Mr. Paul."

"Paul at the Crown!" exclaimed Catherine.

"Yes, Paul at the Crown. He pretended not to see me, and skulked through the tap-room like a rat. Sir John's a gentleman. I say nothing against Sir John. But Paul—Paul's a sneak."

"Don't you talk nonsense. Paul never did you no harm," said Joanna. "And I don't believe you saw him at all to-night."

"You don't believe—?"

"No, I don't. Him and his master was to sleep at Danecester last night, and go off by an early train this morning. It ain't likely as Paul should be at the Crown at Shipley Magna all alone. You must have took somebody else for him. Paul would have spoke to you if it had been him. Why shouldn't he?"

Joe turned on her with crushing severity.

"P'raps you'll say I was drunk next, Joanna!"

"O Lord, no, *I* sha'n't say so. Maybe you were dreaming. But never mind now. Go to bed; there's a good man."

It proved very difficult indeed to induce Joe to go to bed, however. He protested over and over again that he felt pretty comfortable. Then he required Joanna and Catherine to declare solemnly that they believed his statement about having seen Paul; which, finding it hopeless to get him to go to bed on any other terms, they unscrupulously did. Then he very unexpectedly declared that he and Paul had lived together like brothers; that there was no one for whom he felt a warmer regard; and that Paul's cold and unkind behavior had cut him to the heart. At last, by dint of scolding and coaxing, he was got to his own room, the door of which Joanna shut, with a fervent prayer that they might not all be burned in their beds, and with a gleam of comfort in the knowledge that the end of candle intrusted to Joe could not last above five minutes.

"Ain't it queer, Joe taking that notion about seeing Paul?" said Catherine, when she and Joanna were alone together. "Do you think it could ha' been—could ha' been—what's that you call it when a person's ghost walks before they're dead, as a kind of a warning? Like that story you tell of the eldest son where you lived kitchen-maid long ago. Oh, I know—a fetch. That's the name. Do you think it could ha' been Paul's fetch?"

"Pooh, child! Servants don't have no fetches. Them kind of things only belongs to great families. Don't you go scaring your wits with such fancies, or I shall never tell you no more of my stories."

"But," persisted the girl, "Joe said that the figure passed through the room very quick and silent, and with its head turned away, and—"

"Well, if its head was turned away how was Joe to know who it was? It's just a drunken man's fancy, I tell you. Go to your bed. It's nigh upon eleven, and I have seen to the fastenings of the doors. Good-night. When Joe's sober to-morrow he will tell another story, I warrant."

But the next morning Joe told no other story. On the contrary, he persisted in his former assertion, and confirmed it by proof which it was impossible to doubt. He had remarked Paul's presence at the Crown to his friend the head hostler, and the hostler had said, yes; he knew him well enough. He was the foreign servant of that rich barrowknight as owned such neat nags, and had put up at the Crown for his hunting quarters. But in reply to a question as to what Paul had come there for the hostler professed ignorance. It might be to fetch some traps of his master's. The hostler believed that there had been a porkmanty or something of that kind left in the landlord's care. Paul had brought a fly from the hotel at Danecester, and was to go back in it. So he (the hostler) supposed that he had to carry luggage.

"But why Paul shouldn't speak to me I don't know, nor I don't much care," said Joe Dowsett, whose feelings toward his dear friend had come down to their ordinary level of stolid indifference since the influence of his potations had subsided.

"I couldn't have believed as Paul would have give hisself such airs," exclaimed Catherine, with a toss of her head. She felt that Paul's slight of Joe Dowsett was a reflection on the rest of the vicar's household.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon Maud arrived from Lowater. Captain Sheardown had driven her to Shipley, and had set her down at the vicarage without alighting himself, purposing to proceed to Haymoor.

"Where is Veronica?" was Maud's first question to her guardian.

"Veronica has displeased me very much," answered the vicar. "She went to drink tea with old Mrs. Plew, and chose to remain there all night, although she knows—or might know if she had any sort of filial desire to ascertain my sentiments on any subject whatever—that I object to her putting herself under any obligation of that kind to the Plews."

Maud looked grave, but said, sweetly, "Please don't be very angry with her, Uncle Charles. It was a dreadfully stormy night. Perhaps she was afraid of the walk home."

"She was assuredly not afraid of incurring my displeasure, whatever else she may have feared," said the vicar.

Maud made no further direct efforts to avert her guardian's wrath; but she took the most effectual means of putting him into a good-humor, by gayly chatting about all the little incidents of her visit to Lowater, the concert at Danecester, and the people who had been to the house.

She was in the midst of her talk, sitting, still with her hat in her hand, in the vicar's study, when the door of the room was opened a very little way, and a voice cried: "Miss Maud! Miss Maud! Would ye please step here a moment?"

The voice was old Joanna's; but so strange and muffled in its tone that an unreasoning apprehension of impending evil fell upon Maud's heart.

She sprang up, and forcing a smile, said: "Uncle Charles, I must go for an instant to say a word to Joanna. I'll be back as soon as possible. The dear old woman has some mighty mystery on hand."

She closed the study door with an instinctive care, for which she could never afterward account, and faced a countenance which seemed, like Medusa's fabled head, to turn her into stone.

The countenance was Joanna's. But so changed, ghastly, and aged was it that Maud would hardly, under other circumstances, have recognized the familiar features.

"What is the matter, Joanna?" she asked, in quick, low tones, whose firmness surprised herself.

"My dear Maudie," answered the trembling old woman, "my sweet young lady, don't ye lose *your* head. It's all we've got to depend on! I feel my years now as I never felt 'em before."

Maud made a silent, eloquent gesture of impatience.

"Yes, I will speak, deary. Mr.—Mr. Plew's here. He looked in by—by—chance like. And—O Lord be merciful to us, and spare us!—he says, Miss Veronica is not at his mother's, and what's more, hasn't been there all night. And what to do, or what to say, or what will become of the vicar, I don't know!"

"Hush! Where is Mr. Plew? Take me to him. There is some mistake, some misunderstanding. No harm can have happened to Veronica, here, in her own home, among her own people! It is impossible!"

"Oh, my deary, Mr. Plew is more like a mad creature than any thing else. And as to harm—My innocent young lady, it goes to my heart to hurt you, but I'm afraid—I'm sore afraid—"

"Of what?"

The old woman made no answer, but moaned and wrung her hands.

A dreadful apprehension took hold of Maud that Mr. Plew had brought some fatal and decisive tidings; that Veronica was dead, and that the old servant was endeavoring to break the news to her. Collecting her senses as well as she could, she bade Joanna take her to Mr. Plew at once, and let her know the worst.

Joanna pointed to the door of the dining-parlor, and Maud sprang into the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLED.

Joanna had not much exaggerated in saying that Mr. Plew was "more like a madman than any thing else." He did seem to have nearly lost his senses.

"Oh, Miss Desmond!" he cried, as soon as he caught sight of Maud, and then stood dumb with clasped hands.

"Please to tell me at once. It will be kinder, indeed it will! Is she dead?"

The utterance of the word seemed to force a gush of tears from Maud's eyes, but she struggled hard to command herself.

The little surgeon recovered some spark of manhood and courage at sight of the young girl's piteous, innocent face. His professional helpfulness came to his aid, and took him away from the contemplation of his own distress.

"Don't try too violently to force back your tears," he said. "Let them come. You will not let them master you. No; I do not think Veronica is dead. No, on my honor. I would not deceive you."

"What is it then? Is she ill? Has there been any accident? Is she in danger?"

"I wish to Heaven, Miss Desmond, that I could answer your questions. All I know is, that Miss Levincourt did not sleep at my mother's house last night—did not even go there at all—and yet she sent word here by the boy that she meant to do so."

"But the boy may have mistaken her message. She may have said that she was going elsewhere. Have you asked? Have you inquired in the village? Joanna's face and—and yours have infected me with terror. But I can not—I *can not*—believe that there is any real ground for alarm."

"Alarm!" echoed the voice of Mr. Levincourt, and the next instant he stood in the room.

Any attempt at concealment was out of the question. A glance at the faces of Maud and Mr. Plew sufficed to show the vicar that some terrible misfortune had happened.

"Dear Uncle Charles," said Maud, taking his hand, "Mr. Plew has told us that Veronica was not at his mother's house last night. Don't, pray don't, give way to terror, dear Uncle Charles. It has been some mistake of Jemmy Sack. I am sure, quite sure of it. What harm *can* have happened? We should have been sure to hear of any accident, you know. Ill news always travels quickly. We were startled at first, but now I am coming to my senses a little, and I see how foolish it was to be so frightened!"

The poor child was trembling in every limb, and the hand with which she clasped the vicar's was as cold as marble.

Some men in Mr. Levincourt's case would have rushed instantly forth; would have sought here and there; would have inquired feverishly; would, in brief, have been spurred by their anxiety into immediate energy and action.

But the vicar was at first stunned, not stimulated, by the blow. He sank down in a chair like one whose bodily powers had been suddenly paralyzed.

"The first thing to be done," said Maud, "is to send Joe into the village. Let him go to Sack's farm and try to find Jemmy. Then he might go or send to the Meggitts. It is possible that Veronica may have gone there. Miss Turtle and the girls were always asking her. And you will make inquiries, won't you, Mr. Plew? I see more and more how foolish it was to be so frightened!"

The vicar, as he recovered from the first shock, and as Maud's elastic courage and young hopefulness rose higher and higher, and began to chase away the first ghastly fear that had crushed him, displayed an unexpected phase of feeling: he grew angry. He resented the pain he had been made to suffer.

"I think, Mr. Plew," he said, in a voice whose trembling tones were by no means under control, "I must say that I think it highly inconsiderate on your part to come here and cause so very terrible—so unspeakably terrible—an alarm without having better grounds for it."

The little man, who seemed to be entirely uninfluenced by Maud's cheering suggestions, stood silent, and cast an appealing glance at the young girl.

"Law dear, Sir!" cried old Joanna, who had remained in the room, "don't ye say that! Mr. Plew came here without knowing a thing about Miss Veronica. He was took aback and scared well-nigh as much as you was when I opened the door and asked him where she was, and why she hadn't come home with him."

"Is Joe gone? Is he going?" exclaimed the vicar, rising from his chair, and speaking now with nervous rapidity. "Why does no one exert any energy? I shall go in one direction myself—Joe must take another—to Sack's farm—d'ye hear? And, Plew, you will—you will search—" Then a sudden terror overcame him, and he fell back into the chair again with a groan. "My child! my child!" he cried. "Oh, my child! At this moment she may be—dead!"

"No, no, no—not that!" exclaimed Mr. Plew, eagerly. "Not that! I do not believe she is dead. I do not believe she is hurt. That is not what I fear."

"Then, Sir, what is it you do fear? It is not this, and it is not that! What means have you of knowing? And how should you understand a parent's natural apprehensions, or undertake to limit them? Have you," he added, suddenly, having caught a glimpse of intelligence that passed between the surgeon and Joanna—"have you any information that you are concealing from me?"

"No! No!"

"You have! I see it in your face—and in hers. Joanna, I insist, I command, you to speak! Plew, if you think it kind to keep me in suspense you are cruelly mistaken. Tell me the truth!"

"Mr. Levincourt, as God is my witness, I know nothing! I do not, upon my soul! But I—I had a momentary fear—a mere momentary suspicion—that—"

"*Suspicion*, Sir!"

"That—that Miss Levincourt might have left her home, purposing not to return to it."

"H—how *dare* you?" gasped the vicar; and then suddenly ceased, as though the words were arrested in his throat and were almost choking him.

"Untie his neckcloth!" cried the surgeon, springing forward. The vicar waved him off, but suffered old Joanna to obey Mr. Plew's directions.

Maud looked from one to another in an agony of bewilderment.

"Left her home!" she exclaimed. "Veronica leave her home, purposing not to return to it! How? Why?"

"Whisht, my deary!" muttered Joanna, still busied about her master. "Don't ye give way. It may not be so bad as we're afeard."

"So bad as what? What does Mr. Plew mean? What are you all afraid of? Oh, Veronica!"

"Here he is, Sir! Here's Jemmy!" cried Joe Dowsett, dragging Jemmy Sack into the room after him. "I was on my way to the farm when I met him. Now speak, you young rascal, and tell his reverence what Miss Veronica said to you!"

The boy was flushed, panting, and very much frightened. Joe had expended a great part of his own painful excitement in hauling Jemmy Sack to the vicarage with very unnecessary violence.

"I bain't a young rascal!" said Jemmy, driven to bay. "And I told the message here last night as Miss Veroniky said, so I did."

"Don't be afraid, Jemmy," said Maud, trying to soothe the boy. "No one will hurt you. You have done no harm."

"No, I knows I haven't!" retorted Jemmy.

"But you will tell us what—what Miss Veronica said, won't you, Jemmy? We are all in sad trouble because we're afraid some harm has happened to her, and we want to find out where she is."

The sight of the sweet, pale face, down which the tears were now streaming fast, and the sound of the sweet, tremulous voice, instantly melted the boy's heart, and he professed his readiness to say all that he knew. But that amounted to very little. He had seen Miss Veronica at the school-house. But she had not remained until the end of the practicing. Before leaving she had said to Jemmy that she was going to Mrs. Plew's house to drink tea, and that, as the evening was turning out wet, she should sleep there. Jemmy was to go and take that message to the vicarage. But he was not to go until quite late; not until after seven o'clock at all events. And Miss Veronica had given him a silver sixpence, and bade him earn it honestly by doing exactly as she told him.

"And so I did," protested Jemmy. "I niver goe'd near the vicarage until nigh upon eight o'clock, and it was powering wi' rain, and I was soaked through, and when I got home daddy thrashed me."

Old Joanna stood by, emphasizing every word that the boy uttered by a nod of the head, a sigh, or a gesture with uplifted hands, as who should say, "Ay, ay; it is just as I thought!" Ever since the speaking of those words by Mr. Plew which so aroused the vicar's indignation the latter had sat passive—almost sullen—in his chair. He had listened to Jemmy Sack's story in silence, and had apparently relinquished his purpose of going forth to seek his daughter. Now he rose, as though struck by a sudden idea, and hastily left the room. His footsteps were heard ascending the staircase and entering the apartment overhead. It was Veronica's chamber. The steps ceased, and there was silence in the house. The little group in the dining-parlor stood staring blankly at each other.

Maud's tears had ceased to flow. She was frozen by a new and but half-comprehended fear.

Presently Catherine ran in from the kitchen. People had come to give what information they could. By this time the whole village was acquainted with Veronica's disappearance. Roger the plowman's wife had seen Miss Levincourt by herself walking along the Shipley Magna road very fast. Miss had not said good-afternoon to her. But she (Roger's wife) thought she might not have seen her, for she was going along in a

quick, scared kind of a way, looking straight before her.

Immediately after this woman appeared a witness who testified to having seen the vicar's daughter in a carriage, driving swiftly on the road between Shipley Magna and Danecester, between five and six o'clock on the previous evening.

This man was the Shipley-in-the-Wold and Danecester carrier, who knew Veronica well by sight, as he did most people within a circuit of twenty miles round Shipley. He had just heard, he said, down at the Red Cow that the young lady was missing. So he thought he would step up and say when and where he had last seen her.

On hearing the first words of this man's story Maud had rushed breathlessly up stairs to call her guardian. In a few minutes she returned alone to the door of the dining-room, and beckoned Mr. Plew to come to her.

The babble of voices, which had arisen high and confused when she had left the room, ceased suddenly as soon as her white face was seen again in the doorway. There was a pause of expectation.

"What is it?" whispered Mr. Plew, obeying Maud's summons.

"Will you please step into the study to Uncle Charles for a moment, Mr. Plew?"

She preceded him into the study. The vicar was sitting there with a paper in his hand.

"Is there news?" cried Mr. Plew, eagerly.

The vicar's face showed a strange agitation—an agitation different from the first emotions of surprise and alarm which he had exhibited on learning that his daughter was not to be found.

"Yes," he said; "there is news. I am—happy—thankful—that Veronica is in safety. It has been a false alarm—a—a mistake. I am quite relieved."

"Thank God!" cried the surgeon, fervently.

Mr. Levincourt tried to speak with some degree of self-control. His hand shook, and his features twitched.

"I have cause to be thankful," he began, and then suddenly broke down and turned away. "Tell him what I wanted, Maud," he murmured in a stifled voice. Then he bent his arms on the table, and bowed his head, and hid his face in his hands.

"Will you do us the great kindness," said Maud, addressing the surgeon, "to get rid of all those people? Thank them, and say—what is fitting."

"But what am I to say?"

Maud glanced at the vicar, but seeing him motionless, with his face buried in his hands, she answered:

"Mr. Levincourt wishes them to be told that Veronica is in perfect safety. There is no cause for alarm. He has found a letter from her."

"Impress upon them," murmured the vicar, with still averted face, "that there has been a—misunderstanding. If I had seen the letter sooner— Miss Levincourt did not leave my house without informing me."

Mr. Plew still hesitating, Maud made an imploring gesture.

"Pray, pray, Mr. Plew, send those people away!"

Mr. Plew proceeded to obey the vicar's directions as well as he could. The poor little man's heart was aching and his spirit was troubled. At length he succeeded in inducing the little crowd to depart. They went unwillingly and with a perfect hunger of unsatisfied curiosity. They would fain have lingered in the kitchen to talk and to hear; but old Joanna very unceremoniously bade them begone, and was obdurate toward all attempts at discussing the question of Miss Veronica's departure.

"I know no more than my betters chooses to tell me," said Joanna. "Thank God the lass isn't murdered, nor any way hurt, nor yet drowned, nor yet kidnapped. That's all I know. And her father knows where she is. And so I don't see as the rest is any of our businesses."

"Mr. Plew," said the vicar, when the surgeon, having knocked at the door of the study, had been readmitted by Maud—"Mr. Plew, if I showed undue resentment for what you said just now, I ask your pardon."

"Oh, Mr. Levincourt! Don't, pray don't speak of my pardon! But—Miss Desmond said you had found a letter—"

"I have found a letter from my daughter, and I am going to London to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes."

"To meet Miss Levincourt?"

"To meet Miss Levincourt if possible. I take Maud with me. I may be absent some time, and she can not remain here alone. I shall place her under the protection of her aunt, Lady Tallis, who is in London. If you are asked about Miss Desmond, I wish you to be able to say that *she*, at least, is in safety."

There was a bitterness in the vicar's tone as he spoke the last words which sent a pang through the surgeon's heart. He was, as Joanna had called him, "a soft little man."

"I hope," said he, wistfully, "that I may be able to say so of Ve—of Miss Levincourt too."

"Mr. Plew, I believe you are a sincere friend, and that you wish well to us all," said the vicar, suddenly. "I will trust you."

"You may, Mr. Levincourt. I—of course I knew all along that it was of no use; and I never—scarcely ever—allowed myself to feel any thing like hope. She was so superior in every way. But I am not altogether selfish. Veronica's happiness is very dear to me. It's all over now, of course. But if—if there is any thing in the world I can do for you, or for her, you may be sure I shall not flinch."

The vicar took the little man's hand. "Ah!" he moaned, with the cruel candor of a man absorbed in his own trouble; "it might have been better if she had been able to bring herself to care for you. Any thing would have been better than this! She has run away, Mr. Plew; run away with that—" he checked himself, "with Sir John Gale."

"I knew it!" cried the surgeon. "I am not surprised." But his face grew deadly pale as he spoke.

"Let it turn out as it may," resumed the vicar, "I can not easily forgive her. She has been ungrateful and deceitful. But she is my child, my only child. I can not abandon her to her fate. She writes me here that Sir John had private reasons for making a secret marriage—"

"Marriage! Is she married?"

"If she is not he shall answer it, the infernal villain! But," added the vicar, recovering himself somewhat, "you perceive how all-important it may be not to give evil tongues a handle. You will speak of—you will defend—a runaway match, nothing more. That is bad enough. I must go to London to-night. A train leaves Danecester at midnight. I might drive to a by-station at once, but I should be no better off. We must wait for the twelve o'clock mail; there is no direct train to London between this hour and midnight. Every hour seems an age."

"Yes, yes; you must go. God grant you may find her! Have you any clew?"

"A few words dropped by that man's servant. And his own intention, expressed some time ago, of going to Italy. If I can but be in time to prevent their leaving England—"

"And Miss Desmond goes with you?"

"Yes. My poor Maudie! Ah, how little your mother thought to what contact with misery and disgrace she was exposing you when she bequeathed you to my care!"

They were the first words of consideration for any human being's sufferings, save his own, that the vicar had spoken.

Arrangements were hastily made for the departure that evening. Mr. Plew was helpful and active. He ordered a vehicle to take the vicar and his ward to Danecester at seven o'clock. Old Joanna was to be in charge of the house. Catherine sobbed as she packed up a few clothes for Maud.

"Seems like as if a earthquake had comed and swallowed us all up, miss," said Catherine. The vicar had fought hard to show a brave front to the servants, to keep up appearances; but without much success; for there was no conviction at the bottom of his own heart to enable him to persuade others that all would be well with his daughter. He was too much a man of the world to give credence to the assertion made in the hurried letter left behind her by Veronica, that weighty private reasons had prevented Sir John Gale from openly demanding her hand, and had induced him to urge her to consent to a clandestine marriage. "For a man of his age and position there can exist no such reasons," muttered the vicar between his clenched teeth. "Miserable, wretched, misguided, degraded girl! But if there is justice on earth he shall marry her. He shall find that he can not thus outrage and defy the world. He shall marry her by—"

The dusk was falling when the vicar and his ward drove away from the garden gate of the vicarage. As they passed the spot where Sir John Gale had been found bleeding and insensible on the ground Mr. Levincourt closed his eyes and groaned aloud.

Maud started, as the scene recalled to her mind the fact that the accident had happened little more than two months ago.

"Two months!" she said to herself, while the tears blinded her eyes and streamed down her cheeks. "How happy we were only two months ago!"

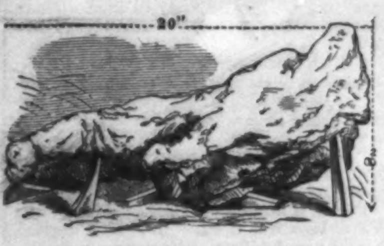
BIOLOGY.

AMONG the various departments into which science is subdivided, biology is one which is explained to be the *doctrine of forms and functions*. Certain it is that nature acts by determinate laws in reproducing the same forms in the animal and vegetable kingdoms through indefinite periods of duration. How it so happens that the brilliant colors in the plumage of the peacock, or the stripes on the zebra, or spots on the leopard's skin are there, is quite beyond our ken. The fact is undeniable that it is so, and there philosophy leaves the subject. Each one of the internal organs has a definite shape, color, weight, and specific function to perform. Why all that occurs, or how each and every one of them should be so, can no more readily be elucidated or explained than external forms.

Physiology is better understood than biology, yet that barely opens the way for thoughtful speculations, without affording very satisfactory information on the laws of life. Both of those studies have their value, because they carry a convincing evidence on their frontlets that if we can not explain the rationale of what is transpiring in vegetable or animal growth, or what makes the sap run in the one or blood in the other, we can not deny the existence of a Superior Power somewhere, which originated all vitalized mechanism and set it in motion. Forms and functions, therefore, are the definite expressions of Almighty agency.

CANNIBALISM.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has expressed an opinion that in the earliest ages of the world the first impulse of man was not to love his neighbor, but to eat him; and at a recent meeting of the Archæological Society of Copenhagen the savans assembled from all parts of Europe, including such well-known names as Worsaae, Hildebrand, and the celebrated Belgian professor, M. Sprieg, unanimously agreed that cannibalism prevailed among the primitive inhabitants of the globe. On one point, however, opinions are divided, some holding that man-eating was a matter of taste, while others are inclined to look on it as a religious, or rather superstitious, observance. As late as the year 785 Charlemagne issued a decree sentencing to death any individual convicted of having eaten a witch in order to destroy her spells. Witch-eating can hardly have been a matter of taste, as even "those who were fond of the flesh could not have been partial to bones." Buckle quotes comparatively recent instances of anthropophagy connected with religious feelings, in Germany during the Thirty Years' War, and in Scotland at about the same period. Among the most curious documents produced at the meeting was a manuscript of St. Hieronymus, who asserts, on the authority of a native of Great Britain, that children were a staple article of food in that country.



BIG NUGGET OF GOLD.

THIS nugget, now on exhibition in San Francisco, weighing 95 pounds, and valued at $22,000, is the largest piece of gold ever found in California. It was taken out from the Monumental Quartz Mine, situated about twelve miles north of Downieville at the Serra Buttes. The nugget was found at a depth of 25 feet from the top on the 18th of last August. There had been taken from the mine up to the 1st of September $70,000 with the labor of three men; and it is still paying at the rate of $1500 per day, the gold being washed from the decomposed quartz with common pans. Our picture is from a sketch by L. R. TOWNSEND.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HARPER & BROTHERS paid over *Five thousand dollars in Gold* for the Early Sheets of *George Eliot's Novels*, which they have issued in five handsome duodecimo volumes, at 75 cents each, but which FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co. are now engaged in reprinting on that house in an inferior style and at a higher price.

"Canned corn," as it is technically termed, is doubtless a well-known and favorite article of diet with many of our readers; yet few, perhaps, have watched the process of preparing and hermetically sealing the fresh corn, as done on a large scale in numerous factories in the country. In the "height of the season," which has just passed in New England, we visited one of these corn factories, located in a flourishing town in Maine. It is said, by-the-way, that the sweet-corn grown in New England, and in the higher latitudes generally, is sweeter and richer than that produced elsewhere. Be that as it may, what we saw at the factory we visited looked and tasted nice enough for any one's table.

The corn is brought fresh from the fields, and the first process, husking, was performed out of doors by nimble-handed boys. On entering the first room of the establishment we found a busy throng of lads and lassies, each seated before a wooden trough; one division of which was filled with the husked corn, and into the other division they cut the corn from the cobs, the corn passing through into a tin receptacle beneath. The knife used in this process is of curious make, having a gauge so arranged that the kernels are cut only to a certain depth, usually about half through, the remainder being scraped off with the back of the knife; thus the hull is excluded. The corn thus prepared is conveyed to immense tin vessels, and kept cool by blocks of ice. From one of these reservoirs a man fills a small sort of hopper, while another places underneath one of the tin cans which is to hold the corn. Down goes the hopper, and the can is filled. It is immediately taken, and with surprising quickness weighed by a third assistant, who adds or subtracts a little, as the case may require. A fourth, with sponge and water, cleanses the outside of the can from any juice there may be upon it; a fifth puts on the cover and punches in it a minute hole, when it is passed to the smith to be soldered. Thence it is conveyed, with numerous companions, to the boilers, where thousands are boiled for hours. Before the covers of the huge boilers are closed, however, each set of cans is tested; and if any one is not air-tight, it is taken out and specially doctored. After boiling the requisite time the cans are taken out, punched again to let out any stray bubbles of air, soldered up, and then subjected to a second boiling. By this time the bright tin cans have become somewhat discolored by heat. They are polished, the labels pasted on, and then they are packed in boxes for market—a large proportion being sent to New York. Every thing connected with the establishment indicated scrupulous nicety, so that we shall eat canned corn next winter with even more relish than hitherto.

An ingenious Prussian has invented an ice and cold producing machine, the action of which is based on the principle of producing cold and warmth by the expansion and compression of atmospheric air. The machines require no chemicals, nothing being used in them but water and atmospheric air; they may be wrought by steam, water, or wind, and they produce from 100 to 1000 pounds of ice per hour according to size.

The New York *Medical Gazette* draws attention to the fact that in this city 212 more deaths occurred in the first than in the second week of January, 1868; and pertinently inquires, "Were these deaths occasioned by an over-supply of bad confectionery given to children, and an excess of dissipation by men? In the fourth week the deaths were 280 less than in the first. The number of deaths in the first week was not again reached until the twenty-fourth week of the year."

The anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania, comprised in six counties, underlie 470 square miles of mountain and valley, and, so far as yet discovered, contain the only anthracite deposits of the continent. More than $40,000,000 has been absorbed in mining capital, and about the same sum in canals, and $70,000,000 in railroads, constructed almost solely as means of transportation for coal. In the whole anthracite region there are about two hundred firms and incorporated companies, which have sent into the market during the past year about 16,000,000 tons of coal. Of the market production nearly 6,000,000 tons were sent by the three great companies—Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, Delaware and Hudson, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

We see it stated that Henry W. Raymond, eldest son of the late Henry J. Raymond, will take an editorial position on the New York *Times* in October.

An international land and labor agency is now being established at Birmingham, England, by Hon. Elihu Burritt. Its object is to facilitate the settlement of English farmers and mechanics in the United States, and also to supply American orders for English laborers and domestic servants of all kinds. Large numbers of servant-girls in England would be glad to come to America, but are unable to pay their passage-money, and unwilling to start without knowing where they are to go on arriving. This agency advances the passage-money, which is to be deducted from the first wages.

Tobacco has really been applied to a useful purpose, lock-jaw having been, in one instance at least, cured by it. A soldier in Illinois was wounded in the foot, and, having taken cold in it, lock-jaw ensued. No medicines could be procured, and, as death seemed inevitable, an experiment was tried by one of the officers. He cut off a square of tobacco (about three inches square), put it in a mess-pan with boiling water until it was heated through and saturated with the water; allowing it to cool, so as not to blister, he then flattened it out, and placed it on the pit of the man's stomach. In about five minutes the patient turned white about the lips, which also began to twitch, and in nine or ten minutes his jaws fell open. Indeed, it seemed as if the patient would fall apart, so utterly was his whole system relaxed. The tobacco was immediately removed, and some whisky-gruel given to stimulate him. The next day the man was able to be carried in an ambulance, and was soon convalescent. In lock-jaw it seems necessary to produce nausea that the rigid muscles may relax, and tobacco, applied externally, has this effect. The remedy, however, is very powerful, and should be used with extreme caution.

Some time ago several instances were in the journals of the day, indicating that persons had been poisoned by wearing colored socks and under-garments. Experiments have proved that many of the fashionable dyeing ingredients are active poisons, and liable to produce a painful local affection, induced by the absorption of the dye through the skin. A gentleman in London lately purchased some socks with a Magenta stripe. He wore a pair of these one warm day, and at night he felt a good deal of irritation and tingling in his feet, which he ascribed to the attack of a nameless animal. In ignorance of the true cause he continued wearing the socks for two or three days more, by which time the skin of the heels had become red and inflamed, where the edge of the shoe caused most friction, and this was succeeded by a line of vessication around the heel and side of each foot. The disease thus artificially induced was symmetrically placed on the two feet, and corresponded with one of the colored stripes.

The "Bibliothèque Internationale Universelle" is a literary undertaking of vast extent which has been projected by a society of savans in Paris. It is to consist of two hundred volumes in large octavo, to be issued at the rate of two volumes each month, and has for its object the reproduction of all the master-pieces of literature, both ancient and modern. The French Government has recognized the importance of the work, and has approved its publication, and many eminent men have promised their co-operation.

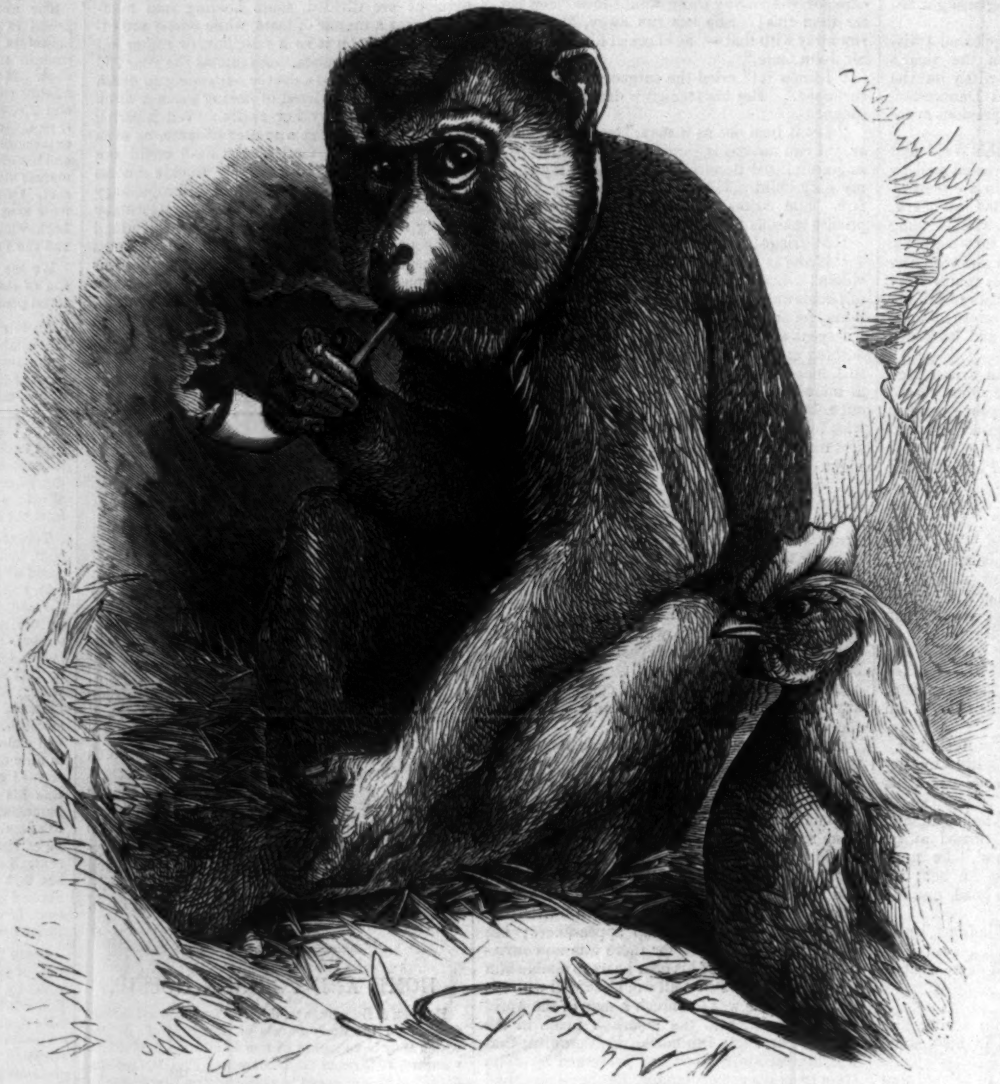
Dr. Charles F. Hall, the distinguished Arctic explorer, recently arrived at New Bedford, in the bark *Gibbs*, from Repulse Bay. He brought with him, as among the results of his five years' residence in the Arctic regions, the most interesting intelligence in regard to the death of Sir John Franklin and his companions, and conclusive proof that none of them ever reached Montreal Island. He saw the natives who were the last to look upon Crozier and his party, and brings with him the remains of a young man who belonged to that ill-fated band of explorers, with various relics of the expedition. A report of the expedition will soon be given to the public.

A terrible double tragedy is reported from Huron County, Michigan. A Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were one day at work in a field some distance from the house, having left their infant child at home in its crib. At length Mr. Hayes heard the child cry in an unusual manner, and anxiously requested his wife to go to the house and ascertain the cause. She replied that she thought the child would soon compose itself to sleep; and her opinion appeared a correct one, as the sounds gradually ceased, and the child seemed to sleep. Nothing more was seriously thought of the matter, and at noon the husband and wife repaired to the house for dinner. But upon entering the room in which the babe was lying a horrible spectacle met their view. A monster serpent of the blue racer species had entered the open door, crawled to the cradle, and twined itself around the body of the infant, placed its head in the child's mouth, and thus deprived it of its life. The husband, upon beholding the hideous monster and comprehending its fatal act upon his child, in a frenzy of excitement turned upon his wife, whom he had bidden while in the field to come to their child, and, without a word of upbraiding or warning, struck her a fearful blow on the head with the hoe which he held in his hand. She sank to the floor and immediately expired, the sharp edge of the hoe having pierced to her brain. The husband, finding himself wifeless, childless, and a murderer, rushed from his home to the neighbors, proclaiming his guilt, a raving maniac.

A Boston minister was very pleasantly remembered the other day by a few members of his church. He was apprised of the fact by a young man who drove to his residence, and after handing him a note, went away on foot, leaving at the door a splendid horse and buggy, with harness, robes, whip, and every thing complete. The note requested the pastor's acceptance of the horse and carriage as a token of appreciation and personal affection.

THE ANDAMAN MONKEY.

An interesting stranger at the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, in Regent's Park, is the female monkey, of a species hitherto unknown to naturalists, which, having been for some time domesticated on board one of the ships of the Royal Navy, has learned some of the sailors' tricks. This new and unique monkey has been presented to the Zoological Society by Captain Brown, R.N., of her Majesty's ship *Vigilant*. It dates its joining the ship's company from Port Blair, Andaman Islands, in the Gulf of Bengal, lat. 11° 43′ N., long. 92° 47′ E., in the year 1864. Jenny (for that is her name) is supposed to be eight or nine years old. For the last four years she has "served" on board the ship, and having passed all the dangers of the Abyssinian campaign, being discharged with a first-class certificate and silver chain and medal for good conduct, is now waiting to receive her share of the prizes taken during the time she was in her Majesty's service. Jenny stands about two feet four inches in height. In general appearance she is most like the "pig-tailed" monkey (Macacus nemestrinus), but is at once distinguished from that species by a remarkable arrangement of the hair on the top of the head, which is somewhat of a V shape, and is parted down the middle. The hair itself is very fine, and is elegantly arranged round the ears. The first impression upon seeing this animal is that it is intermediate between Macacus rhesus and Macacus nemestrinus. The face is by no means fierce; the features may even be called good-natured. She has been made a great pet by the sailors. The result is that she has been educated to an extraordinary degree of cleverness. She is fond of company, and her constant companion is a chicken (a regular ship chicken, with hardly any feathers), which lives with her in her cage day and night, and accompanies her in her perambulations. She walks upright on her hind-legs with remarkable facility, and with much less effort than even the performing monkeys as seen in the streets. When in an erect attitude she will carry things. Thus she will pick up her chicken, and run about with it, holding it in her arms as a nurse does her child. The chicken does not seem to mind this in the least. At the word, "Throw her overboard!" Jenny throws the chicken smartly away from her. It has been said that monkeys would talk, but that they know that if they talked they would be made to work. Now the Andamanian Jenny forms an exception to the "working" part (only that is very agreeable work) of the story; for if a soda-water bottle is given to her she will set to work to untwist the wire. This done, she will get out the cork, if it be not too tightly fixed, and then drink the contents of the bottle. Her attitude in drinking is something quite new. She sits down on her haunches, holds the bottle with both hands, and tilts the end of it up with her hind-foot, so that the liquid shall flow at the proper level into her mouth. In this attitude her appearance is highly comical, and at the same time very interesting. The most extraordinary part of Jenny's performance is that she smokes a pipe. Other monkeys will carry a pipe in their mouth, and pretend to smoke, but this is the first monkey that we have ever known actually to smoke lighted tobacco out of a pipe. Other monkeys will drink grog, but Jenny is especially fond of it, and always takes her glass with her pipe, which she enjoys quite as much as Forecastle Jack after he has been reefing topsails.

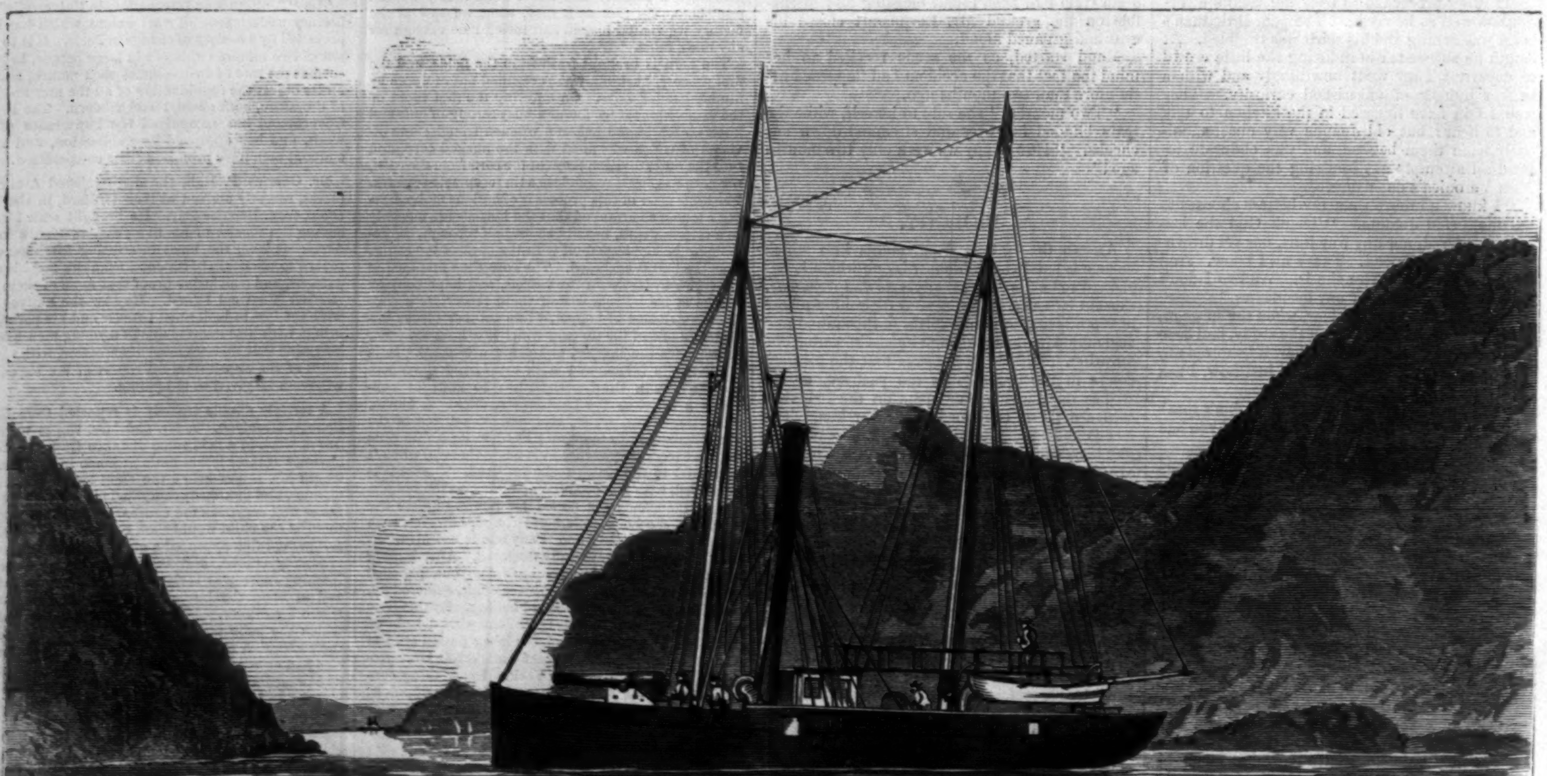


THE ANDAMAN MONKEY AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, LONDON.

LADY PALMERSTON.

The place which Lady Palmerston held for many years in London society will not be easily filled up. There was a sunshine about her Saturday evening receptions at Cambridge House which is not usually seen in gatherings of a similar nature. The most insignificant guest was sure to be welcomed by pleasant smiles from Lady Palmerston, and by a warm greeting from her husband. Lady Palmerston's good manners were the mere reflection of her true kindliness of heart, and it is this which made them so fascinating to all around her.

Nothing is more characteristic of the typical *grande dame* of the past generation than the thorough business habits which she combined with the grace and gayety of the woman of fashion. A memoir of Lady Palmerston in the London *Times* shows that she undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Broadlands, as well as that of her own property; personally inspecting the accounts, leaving nothing to agents, stewards, or head servants but what fell strictly within their respective departments. Her visiting-book also was kept with all the regularity and precision of a merchant's ledger. Her services to her husband extended far beyond the creation of the brilliant *salon* at Cambridge House, and the cheering sympathy with which she soothed his labors. She had great tact in extracting information from as well as answering visitors, and was thus of great value to Lord Palmerston in his political enterprises. With all this she found time, too, to keep a journal. Another characteristic which Lady Palmerston shared with the elder generation was her predilection for youth and beauty for its own sake. She would have "those two pretty girls at her party;" and she would not have "that fat woman with her ugly daughters," although the fat woman was the wife of a county member, and the two pretty girls had neither father nor brother in either House.



SPANISH GUN-BOAT No. 1—TESTING HER GUNS AT COLD SPRING, ON THE HUDSON.—[See Page 663.]

JAMES FISK, JUN.

IT is peculiarly fitting in this Number of our paper, in which we give especial attention to the recent operations in Wall Street, that we should give the portrait of JAMES FISK, JUN. Three years ago the subject of our sketch was comparatively unknown. Now there are few men in our city who command so large a share of public notice. He is a man of large wealth, and is the centre of attraction in Wall Street, in theatrical circles, and in the law courts.—Perhaps he has not genius; his education may be deficient; but his practical shrewdness, his almost reckless boldness, and his unparalleled effrontery, make up for the absence of these qualifications. He is known as a man who may be a friend to-day and an enemy to-morrow; as one who comes to his conclusions rapidly, and almost by instinct; and as a man whose hostility can not be provoked with impunity. Having said this, what more could we say as regards his peculiar characteristics?

JAMES FISK, JUN., is the son of a Vermont peddler. At the age of seventeen he obtained employment of a very humble character in VAN AMBURGH'S menagerie, his occupation being to assist in the erection of tents and to sweep out and keep clean the cages of the animals. His employer, noticing his capacity, promoted him to the position of a ticket collector. In this capacity he accompanied VAN AMBURGH in his various tours through the United States, the Canadas, and Europe—a service extending over a period of eight years. Leaving VAN AMBURGH at twenty-five years of age, he determined to pursue the calling of his father, and returned to his native State of Vermont for that purpose. He commenced his career as a peddler by selling small articles, such as pencils, pens, etc., on the sidewalks of the different towns of the State. In this way, by dint of perseverance, he saved a little money, and having succeeded in raising a small additional sum, he purchased a horse and wagon, and made a fresh start in life as a peddler of dry-goods. He visited all the principal towns and villages of Vermont, and succeeded in gaining so large a custom in the places to which he traveled that his humble one-horse wagon was no longer capacious enough for the conveyance of his goods. He discarded it, therefore, and invested in a much larger one drawn by four horses. By-and-by he extended his field of operations, and traveled through Massachusetts and Connecticut as well as Vermont, until, finally, the gross amount of his sales attracted the attention of a Boston firm from whom he was in the habit of buying goods. In 1860 they made proposals to him to join their house, to which he assented, and JAMES FISK, JUN., became a partner in the firm of JORDAN, MARSH, & Co., of Boston. But the firm do not appear to have been so well pleased with JAMES FISK the partner as with JAMES FISK the customer, for at the end of two years they paid him down the large sum of $64,000 to leave the firm.

JAMES FISK, JUN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

It so happened that at this time some parties in Boston were anxious to purchase the Stonington line of steamships, then owned by MR. DANIEL DREW. JAMES FISK was aware of this circumstance, and, thinking he could turn this knowledge to good account, he came, in 1863, to New York. Obtaining an introduction to Mr. DREW, he managed so to ingratiate himself into the favor of that gentleman that he employed him to conduct the negotiation for the sale of the steamers. In this he was eminently successful. The sale was completed entirely to Mr. DREW'S satisfaction, and the ability and shrewdness which FISK had displayed throughout the negotiation gained for him Mr. DREW'S good-will and patronage, and an introduction to Wall Street.

FISK now commenced to operate on his own account; he entered into a variety of speculative transactions in government stocks, gold, and other securities. Success, however, did not attend him in Wall Street as it had done when peddling through the country; the greater number of his speculations were disastrous in their results, and in two years' time JAMES FISK had lost every dollar he had in the world. He had, however, a friend in Mr. DANIEL DREW, who in 1865 assisted him to form the firm of FISK, BELDING, & Co., for the purpose of carrying on the business of stock-brokers, and gave them substantial aid by putting business into their hands, and employing them as brokers in many large undertakings.

In 1867 Mr. FISK, in connection with Mr. JAY GOULD, succeeded in making a large sum of money by operations in Erie stock. They got control over stock to the amount of $10,000,000, and were thus able to depress the general value of Erie stock from 72½ to 35. Mr. FISK'S share of the profits resulting from these operations amounted, it is said, to $1,300,000.

Mr. FISK'S next operation was to purchase the whole of the block of which Pike's Opera-house forms a part for the sum of $820,000. This transaction was a highly profitable one. He leased to the Erie Railroad Company a small portion of the property for 19 years, at an annual rental of

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—PASSENGER TRAIN PASSING THE PALISADES, TEN-MILE CAÑON, NEVADA.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

$75,000. This was in itself a very handsome return on the gross amount invested in the whole property; but Mr. Fisk retained to himself the Opera-house, all the large stores, and a great number of private houses. He has also bought the building formerly known as Brougham's Theatre; and having somewhat unceremoniously ousted that gentleman and his company, he installed there Mademoiselle Irma and a French troupe of opera bouffe singers.

With his more recent operations, including the proprietorship of the French Theatre in this city, our readers are well acquainted. Mr. Fisk is now about thirty-nine years of age.

VIEW ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The Pacific Railroad is no longer a theme of conjecture, but an accomplished fact. Passengers, mails, and freight pass between New York and San Francisco with the same regularity, celerity, and convenience as between Boston and Washington; the Pacific coast has been effectually brought within the national railroad system.

We give on page 669 an illustration showing a passenger train passing the Palisades, Ten-mile Cañon, Nevada, on the Central Pacific Railroad.

The business of the Central Pacific between Sacramento and Promontory Point, between which places it has been operated for the three months since the opening on the 10th of May, are (approximately) as follows, mainly in gold: Gross earnings, $1,703,350; operating expenses, $920,341; net earnings, $783,009. This income, of course, will be largely increased with the continually increasing business of the road.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine six years without the least repairs, doing all my family sewing, consisting of coats, overcoats, pants, and vests, down to the finest of sewing, even *patching* old coats and pants. Besides that, I have earned six hundred dollars ($600) in the six years. I earned thirty dollars with one needle. Give me the Wheeler & Wilson in preference to all others.

New Milford, Conn. Mrs. Lucy Durgy.

A Sure Remedy for Chills and Fever. Ayer's Ague Cure never fails.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To remove MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES, and TAN from the face, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

PATENT STEM-WINDING WATCHES.

Coin-Silver Hunting Cases, $31; Extra Fine, $38.

SOLID GOLD

Hunting-Case Full-Jeweled Lever Watches, $45, $48; Extra, $52.

Ladies' Size, $36; Extra, $40; Enameled, $46.

COIN-SILVER

Hunting Cases, $14; Extra Quality, $16.

AMERICAN MOVEMENTS,

Every variety. Latest, Lowest Prices.

And Watches of every description, in fine Gold and Silver Cases, at Importers' Rates.

Goods sent by Express, to be paid for only after they have been received, examined, and accepted.

S. H. MOORE & CO., Importers, Nos. 52 & 54 John St., N. Y.

Full Descriptive Price-Lists sent free.

FURNITURE.

We invite buyers to visit our extensive warerooms and examine our large stock of Suites for Parlors, Chambers, Dining-Rooms, Libraries, &c. Manufactured under our supervision, from the best materials, and warranted in every particular.

With unequaled facilities and a ripe experience in manufacturing, we are conscious that we do not promise too much when we say to buyers that, taking quality into consideration, we can not be beaten in prices.

WARREN WARD & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers and Dealers,
75 and 77 Spring Street, corner Crosby.

BOOSEY'S CHEAP MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS. A Complete Catalogue now ready. Sent free. *Boosey's "Ballad Singer,"* the new Half-Dime Series of the Best Songs. Sold every where, or specimen number mailed for Five Cents.—644 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the **American Knitting Machine.** Price $25. The simplest, cheapest, and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to Agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE,
NEW YORK.

The next Academical Year will begin on the 1st Monday (4th) of October. The students of the College will attend for matriculation on that day at 9½ A.M.

Candidates for the Freshman Class will present themselves for examination on Friday, Oct. 1st, and Saturday, Oct. 2d, at 10 A.M.

Applicants for admission to advanced classes, and those required to be re-examined, will present themselves on Saturday, Oct. 2d, at the same hour.

For Catalogues and farther information, apply to Rev. Dr. BARNARD, President, or to

HENRY DRISLER,
Senior Professor and Acting as President.

$1.—TAKING THE REINS.

GRANT, BONNER, & DEXTER.

By JOHN W. EHNINGER, N.A.

"It is a striking likeness of the horse, and, I have no hesitation in saying, the best representation of a horse in action that I have ever seen.
"ROBERT BONNER."

This splendid photograph, embodying three life-like portraits, is 12⅜ x 7¾ inches, exclusive of mount.
Sent free of expense on receipt of $1 00.
Larger Edition, 13 x 21, beautifully mounted on India tint, at $3 00; Ten copies for $25 00.
Address PILKINGTON JACKSON, Art Publisher,
Care of HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York.

FRENCH CLOCKS,

BRONZES,
FANCY GOODS,
Musical Boxes, Fans,
Opera Glasses,
FINE WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
PARIS AND VIENNA NOVELTIES,
WEDDING PRESENTS.

Alex. M. Hays & Co.,
No. 23 Maiden Lane, New York,

The above goods comprise one of the largest varieties to be found in the city, and are offered at Low Prices.

☞ Sign of Gold Telegraph. ☜

$100 in every THOUSAND.

We have lately introduced some new
Boxes of Initial Stationery,
with fancy RUSTIC Stamping, which we think will meet the approval of the public.

And to farther facilitate the sale of this really first-class article, we propose, as an inducement, to pack
$100 00 in every Thousand Boxes,
in Prizes varying in amount from
$1 00 to $50 00.

Put up in neat boxes, and sent to any part of the country, postpaid, for **50 cents.**

Address MERRILL & MACKINTIRE,
Salem, Mass.

☞ *Special Terms to Agents.*

IMPROVED ALUMINIUM BRONZE HUNTING-CASED WATCHES.

The Improved Aluminium Bronze is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. Its qualities and resemblance to Gold are such that even judges have been deceived. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition.

The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers.

Price from $16 to $22.

Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent, postpaid, on demand.

Goods sent by Express, C. O. D., with charges.

Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN,
No. 44 Nassau Street, New York.

MAPLE LEAVES, enlarged and improved. The best, the most popular, and the cheapest Magazine published. It will be sent from now to the end of 1870 for 50 cents. Send in your subscriptions without delay.
O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau St., New York.

A **LADY** who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 5033, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail.

"**Popular Music at Popular Prices.**"

HITCHCOCK'S SHEET MUSIC

IS SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS-DEALERS, AND MAILED, POSTAGE PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 5c. PER COPY.

HITCHCOCK'S HALF-DIME MUSIC.—Now Ready:

NO.		AUTHOR.
150.	I'll Ask my Mother.	Earnshaw.
149.	Have You Seen Her Lately?	Tute.
148.	'Tis Hard to Give the Hand.	Glover.
147.	She Wore a Wreath of Roses.	Knight.
146.	Spanish Muleteer.	Millard.
145.	Within a Mile of Edinboro.	Scotch.
144.	Coming through the Rye.	do.
143.	The Peace of the Valley.	Balfe.
142.	I can not Sing the Old Songs.	Claribel.
141.	Janet's Choice.	do.
140.	Strangers Yet.	do.
139.	Water-Lily Polka.	Rogers.
138.	Would You be Young Again?	Clippingdale.
137.	Row, Brothers, Row. Duet and Chorus.	Saer.
136.	Call Her Back and Kiss Her.	Clifton
135.	The Bluebird Polka.	Rogers.
134.	There was a Simple Maiden.	Macfarren.
133.	Sunset Galop.	Wild.
132.	Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.	Raymond.
131.	Heaven and Thee.	Guglielmo.
130.	The Emma Mazurka.	Rogers.
129.	The March of the Silver Trumpets.	Viviani.
128.	It ought not thus to be.	Abt.
127.	In Happy Moments.	Wallace.
126.	Old Simon the Cellarer.	Hatton.
125.	The Fairy's Frolic.	Sedgwick.
124.	The Bridal Ring.	Rodwell.
123.	The Heart Bowed Down.	Balfe.
122.	The Love Light's in your Eyes.	Sedgwick.
121.	Waverly Polka.	do.
120.	The Drawing-Room Schottische.	Douglass.
119.	The Skipper and his Boy.	Gabriel.
118.	She is not Fair to Outward View.	Sullivan.
117.	Little Bird, Little Bird on the Tree.	Claribel.
116.	Then You'll Remember Me.	Balfe.
115.	When the Swallows Homeward Fly.	Abt.
114.	You and I.	Claribel.
113.	Only a Lock of Hair.	do.
112.	Mary Emma Polka.	Rogers.
111.	O Take Me to Thy Heart Again.	Balfe.
110.	Scotch Lassie Jean.	Peabody.
109.	Dancing Shadow.	Rogers.
108.	Tommy Dodd.	Raymond
107.	Good-Night.	Flowers.
106.	Never Mind the Rest.	H. Fase.
105.	This World is Full of Beauty.	Waverly.
104.	O that I were a Song!	Hime.
103.	The White-Blossomed Tree.	Musgrave.
102.	Smiles and Tears.	Clippingdale.
101.	I have a Rose.	Carrington.
100.	Go it while you're Young.	Waverly.
99.	Guadalina Waltz.	Offenbach.
98.	Molly Bawn.	Lover.
97.	Juanita.	Norton.
96.	I'm not Myself at all.	Lover.
95.	Beautiful Hope.	Bard.
94.	The Cavalier.	Glover.
93.	Continental Scottische.	Rogers.
92.	Of what is the Old Man Thinking?	Knight.
91.	Sally, Sally.	Lover.
90.	Ka-foozle-um.	Stewart.
89.	Nothing else to Do.	Hatton.
88.	Crescent-City March.	Rogers.
87.	Paddle your own Canoe.	Hobson.
86.	Scenes that are Brightest.	Wallace.
85.	Castles in the Air.	Adams.
84.	The Bell goes a Ringing for Sarah.	Hunt.
83.	Kitty Tyrrell.	Glover.
82.	School for Jolly Dogs.	Copeland.
81.	Willie went a Wooing.	Raymond.
80.	Maggie Morgan.	Scotch.
79.	Mary of Argyle.	do.
78.	Larboard Watch. Duet.	Williams.
77.	The Bashful Young Lady.	Glover.
76.	After Dark.	Stewart.
75.	Bachelor's Hall.	Culver.
74.	The Fairy's Well.	Waverly.
73.	Oh would I were a Bird.	Blamphin.
72.	Oh, you Pretty, Blue-Eyed Witch.	Taylor.
71.	My Angel.	Guglielmo.
70.	The Fidgety Wife.	Covert.
69.	Day and Night I Thought of Thee.	Shrivall.
68.	My Mother Dear.	Lover.
67.	Barney O'Hea.	do.
66.	Chestnut-Street Belles.	Raymond.
65.	Boston Belles.	do.
64.	Be Watchful and Beware.	Glover.
63.	Where there's a Will there's a Way.	Saer.
62.	The Foreign Count.	Lloyd.
61.	The Lancashire Lass.	Raymond.
60.	Meet Me in the Lane, Love.	Blamphin.
59.	Mabel Waltz.	Irving.
58.	The Smile of Memory.	Waverly.
57.	Sweetheart.	Balfe.
56.	Boot-Black's Song.	Waverly.
55.	Lady Mine.	do.
54.	Five O'Clock in the Morning.	Claribel.
53.	Those Tassels on the Boots.	Raymond.
52.	Pretty, Pretty Bird.	Waverly.
51.	Why Wandering here?	Nathan.
50.	Call me Thine Own.	L'Eclair.
49.	Le Sabre de mon Père. Inst'l.	Offenbach.
48.	Woodside Waltz and Polka.	Bailey.
47.	Home, Sweet Home. Inst'l.	Richards.
46.	Perichole's Letter. Inst'l.	Offenbach.
45.	The Moonlit Sea.	Prout.
44.	St. Nicholas Galop.	Bailey.
43.	Velocipede Johnny.	Leander.
42.	Gens d'Armes Duet. Violin and Piano.	Raymond.
41.	Gems from Orphee. do.	do.
40.	Belles of Broadway.	do.
39.	Flying Trapeze.	do.
38.	Power of Love. Inst'l.	Wade.
37.	Susan's Story.	Claribel.
36.	I will not ask to Press that Cheek.	V. Gabriel.
35.	The Rosy Wreath.	Raymond.
34.	The Life Boat.	Claribel.
33.	Light of the World. (Sacred Song.)	Hatton.
32.	Beautiful Bells.	Waverly.
31.	Ixion Galop.	Æolus.
30.	Olympic Schottische.	Dobson.
29.	Up in a Balloon.	Raymond.
28.	There's a Charm in Spring. Inst'l.	Hullah.
27.	See the Conquering Hero.	Handel.
26.	Take Back the Heart.	Claribel.
25.	The Passing Bell. (Sacred Song.)	do.
24.	Still I Love Thee.	Dobson.
23.	Waltzing Down at Long Branch.	Andrews.
22.	Riding Down Broadway.	do.
21.	She might not Suit your Fancy.	Millard.
20.	Arm-in-Arm. Polka Mazurka.	Strauss.
19.	The Rose of Erin.	Benedict.
18.	Silver Chimes.	Claribel.
17.	The Old Cottage Clock.	Molloy.
16.	His Love Shines over all.	Forbes.
15.	Maggie's Secret.	Claribel.
14.	Little Maggie May.	Blamphin.
13.	The Danish Boy's Whistle.	Graff.
12.	Come Hither, my Baby, my Darling.	Wiener.
11.	Genevieve Waltz.	do.
10.	Skating-Rink Polka.	do.
9.	Champagne Charley.	Lee.
8.	Praise of Tears.	Schubert.
7.	I Really don't Think I shall Marry.	Gabriel.
6.	Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by.	Hatton.
5.	Not for Joseph.	Lloyd.
4.	Blue Eyes.	Molloy.
3.	We'd Better Bide a Wee.	Claribel.
2.	Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?	do.
1.	Captain Jinks.	Maclagan.

Any of our publications can be had of Music, Book, and Periodical Dealers generally throughout the United States and Canada, or by mail on receipt of price. Other choice selections will rapidly follow.

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher,
24 Beekman Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
RANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have just Published:

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By Benson J. Lossing, Author of "The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution." With 882 Illustrations, engraved on Wood by Lossing & Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. Complete in One Volume, 1084 pages, large 8vo. Price, in Cloth, $7 00; Sheep, $8 50; Full Roan, $9 00; Half Calf or Half Morocco extra, $10 00.

UPHAM'S MENTAL PHILOSOPHY. Mental Philosophy: embracing the Three Departments of the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will. By Thomas C. Upham, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. In Two Volumes. Vol. I.: Intellect, Language; Vol. II.: Sensibilities, Will. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75 per volume.

A GREEK GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON. By James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," Author of "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin," "Reuben Davidger," "Wild Sports of the World," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

FAMOUS LONDON MERCHANTS. A Book for Boys. By H. R. Fox Bourne. With Portrait of George Peabody and 24 Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SWITZERLAND; or, Experiences of an American Journalist in Europe. By Edward Gould Buffum. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

SANDS'S PHILOSOPHY OF TEACHING. The Teacher, the Pupil, the School. By Nathaniel Sands. 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.

A PARSER AND ANALYZER FOR BEGINNERS, with Diagrams and Suggestive Pictures. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, Author of "Method of Philological Study of the English Language," "Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language," &c. 16mo, Cloth, 40 cents

FIVE ACRES TOO MUCH. A Truthful Elucidation of the Attractions of the Country, and a Careful Consideration of the Question of Profit and Loss as involved in Amateur Farming, with much Valuable Advice and Instruction to those about Purchasing Large or Small Places in the Rural Districts. By Robert B. Roosevelt. With Characteristic Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO: The Land of the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature. By Alfred Russel Wallace, Author of "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," "Palm Trees of the Amazon," &c. With Ten Maps and Fifty-one elegant Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

The New Novels
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS. Harper's Illustrated Library Edition.
ADAM BEDE. 12mo, Morocco Cloth, 75 cents.
MILL ON THE FLOSS. 12mo, Morocco Cloth, 75 cents.
FELIX HOLT. 12mo, Morocco Cloth, 75 cents.
☞ *To be followed by George Eliot's other Novels.*

IN SILK ATTIRE. By William Black, Author of "Love or Marriage?" 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

FOUND DEAD. By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

COUNTESS GISELA. By E. Marlitt. Translated by A. Nahmer. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.

META'S FAITH. By the Author of "St. Olave's," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS:
New Edition, beautifully printed, with the Author's own Illustrations.
VANITY FAIR. 32 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cts.
PENDENNIS. 179 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cts.
THE VIRGINIANS. 150 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
THE NEWCOMES. 162 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. Portrait of Author and 64 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
HENRY ESMOND and LOVEL THE WIDOWER. 12 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS:
HARD CASH. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
GRIFFITH GAUNT; or, Jealousy. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
FOUL PLAY. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.
WHITE LIES. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
☞ *To be followed by Charles Reade's other Novels.*

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above books by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC TEA COMPANY,
NO. 8 CHURCH STREET,
P. O. Box 5506. New York City.

An organization of capitalists for the purpose of importing Teas and distributing them to Merchants throughout the country at Importers' prices. Established 1869. *Send for Price-List.*

VINEGAR.—HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

A HANDSOME FULL-GILT **Photograph Album,** holding 20 full-size pictures, mailed, postpaid, for 25 cts.; 5 for $1; $2 25 per dozen. Circulars free. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

$25 A DAY.—33 new articles for Agents. Samples *free.* H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

$1140—How I made it in Six Months. Secret and sample mailed free. *A. J. Fullam, N. Y.*

IMITATION GOLD WATCHES and DIAMOND JEWELRY

Are manufactured on scientific principles, none but experts can detect them, and have all the *brilliancy, durability, and exact appearance of the most costly description of Genuine Gold Watches and Diamond Jewelry.*

Railroad Conductors, Engineers, Expressmen, the most exacting of our customers, have thoroughly *demonstrated the Strength, Durability, Accuracy, and Utility* of the *Fac-Simile Waltham Watches,* and pronounce them *invaluable* as reliable time-keepers. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Swiss Movements, $15 each; Gentlemen's Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, *Fac-Simile Walthams,* $20; *Chronometer Balance,* $25; Extra fine finish *Chronometer Balance,* $30 and $35. Warranted in perfect running order, and to retain the color of 18-carat gold. Latest style of Chains from $3 to $10 each.

The recently-discovered *Fac-Simile Brazilian Diamonds*—carbonized, crystalized quartz—are equal in every respect to the real *Diamond,* except *intrinsic value.* They are mounted with genuine 18-carat gold.

Ladies' Solitaire Rings, $5, $10, $15; *Solitaire Ear-Drops,* with Pendants, $5, $10, $15, $20; *Cluster Sets,* $15, $20, $25, $30; *Cross Sets,* $20, $25; *Cluster Pins,* $10, $15, $20, $25; *Cross Pins and Charms,* $6, $10, $15; *Studs,* per set, $5, $10, $15, $20.

Orders sent per Express, C. O. D. Orders of $10 and less must be accompanied with the Price, Registered Letter or Post-Office Money Order. Customers must pay all charges.

JOHN FOGGAN,
79 Nassau St., New York.

THE

BOY WHALER;

OR, THE

YOUNG ROVERS.

THE

MOST EXCITING SEA STORY

EVER PUBLISHED

IS

Commenced **THIS WEEK**, in No. 49

OF THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

NOW READY.

THE

BOY WHALER

was written expressly for the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

By Leon Lewis,

Author of "The Silver Ship," "The Water Wolf," "The Boy Magician," etc.

THE

BOY WHALER,

Now Ready in No. 49 of the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

contains the most vivid description of strange adventures on land and sea, in most of which the young hero, the

BOY WHALER,

takes a prominent part, and by his daring deeds proves himself the personification of juvenile bravery. Every boy should read the exciting story of the

BOY WHALER,

which is just commenced in No. 49 of the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

and every young woman also should read the

BOY WHALER

in the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

for the female mind will be enraptured with the lovely heroine, the charming LILY LAWRENCE, who shares the fortunes and trials of the

BOY WHALER.

The current issue (No. 49) of the

Greatest Story and Sketch Paper in the World,

THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

should be purchased by parents and read to their children, for the great story of the

BOY WHALER

shows that although virtue may for a time be unable to cope with villainy, it will in the end rise triumphant.

THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY

takes pleasure in presenting to the public the great story of the

BOY WHALER,

for it is undoubtedly the masterpiece of its Author, and was written expressly for the

NEW YORK WEEKLY.

Boys! Boys! Boys!

Every boy who delights to read of daring deeds and thrilling adventures will linger in admiration over the story of the

BOY WHALER,

Now Ready in No. 49 of the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

and for sale by every News Agent in the country.

PRICE SIX CENTS PER COPY.

Don't Forget to Buy No. 49

OF THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

which contains the commencement of the

BOY WHALER.

THE CELEBRATED IMITATION

Gold Watches and Jewelry.

THE COLLINS METAL, THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE OROIDE.

The $15 Watches, in appearance and for time, are equal to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, at $20, are not surpassed by $200 gold watches. For TIME, ELEGANCE, FINISH, and DURABILITY, no imitation of gold can begin to compare with the Collins Metal. Excepting the intrinsic value, it is equal to gold. Every watch fully warranted by certificate.

CHAINS FROM $2 TO $8.

JEWELRY.—We are manufacturing all kinds of Jewelry of the Collins Metal—Pins, Ear-Rings, Sleeve-Buttons, Lockets, Studs, Finger-Rings, Bracelets, Charms, Odd-Fellow and Masonic Pins, &c., all of the latest and most elegant styles, and fully equal to gold in appearance and wear.

TO CLUBS:—Where Six Watches are ordered at one time, we will send the seventh Watch free of charge.

Goods sent to any part of the United States by express, to be paid for on delivery. Money need not be sent with the order, as bills can be paid when goods are taken from the express office. Customers must pay all express charges. We employ no agents; orders, therefore, must be sent directly to us. In ordering, write plainly the name, town, county, and state. Customers in the city will remember that our ONLY OFFICE is **No. 335 Broadway, cor. Worth St. (up stairs), New York.—C. E. COLLINS & CO.**

HENRY WARD

BEECHER'S

SERMONS IN PLYMOUTH PULPIT

Are being read by people of *every class and denomination* all over this country and Europe. They are full of vital, beautiful religious thought and feeling. *Plymouth Pulpit* is published weekly, and contains Mr. Beecher's Sermons and Prayers, in form *suitable for preservation and binding.* For sale by all Newsdealers. Price 10c. Yearly subscriptions received by the publishers, $3, giving two handsome volumes of over 400 pages each. Half-yearly, $1 75. A new and superb Steel Portrait of Mr. Beecher presented to all yearly subscribers. *Extraordinary Offer!* **Plymouth Pulpit** ($3), and **The Church Union** ($2 50), an Unsectarian, Independent, Christian Journal—16 pages, cut and stitched, clearly printed, ably edited, sent to one address for 52 weeks *for four dollars.* Special inducements to canvassers and those getting up clubs. Specimen copies, postage free, for 5c.

J. B. FORD & CO., Pub's, 39 Park Row, N.Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS OF

P. T. BARNUM.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. IN ONE LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME—NEARLY 800 PAGES—PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN.

33 Elegant Full-Page Engravings.

It embraces FORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS of his Busy Life, as a Merchant, Manager, Banker, Lecturer, and Showman, and gives accounts of his Imprisonment, his Failure, his Successful European Tours, and important Historical and Personal Reminiscences, replete with Humor, Anecdotes, and Entertaining Narrative.

It contains his celebrated Lecture on the ART OF MONEY GETTING, with Rules for Success in Business, for which he was offered $5000. We offer extra inducements to Agents, and pay freight to the West. Send for 32-page Circular, with Specimen Engraving and Terms to Agents. **J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.**

SWEET QUININE. — SVAPNIA.

SWEET QUININE *is warranted* equal—dose for dose—to the sulphate (bitter) Quinine, with the important advantage of being sweet instead of bitter.

SVAPNIA is OPIUM PURIFIED of its sickening and poisonous properties. It is the most perfect ANODYNE and SOOTHING OPIATE yet discovered.

Sold by druggists, prescribed by best physicians.

STEARNS, FARR, & CO., Chemists, New York.

TYLER WATER WHEELS.—Over 3000 in operation. Address the manufacturers, *Sullivan Machine Co., Claremont, N. H.*, for reduced price-list.

$10 Watches $10

THE GREAT TRADE IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION, Incorporated by the State, sell FINE GOLD and SOLID SILVER WATCHES at $10 each.

10,000 Engravings fully illustrating and describing all our Watches, are placed in sealed envelopes, which are thoroughly mixed, and when ordered are mailed, post paid, at the following prices:—Single Engravings, 50c.; Twelve, and rich premium, $5; Twenty-five, and elegant Silver Hunting Watch as premium, $10. Every engraving entitles the holder thereof to a WATCH WORTH FROM $25 TO $750, irrespective of value, for $10. Nothing can be lost by this investment, as no article in our stock is worth less than the money asked, while the buyer may obtain a watch worth $750. *Circulars free!* TRY US before forming a hasty opinion. Address,

MICHELIN & CO., *Managers,*
Broadway, Cor. Fulton St., New York,

PIANOS and ORGANS.

Prices greatly reduced for Cash. New Seven-Octave Pianos, of first-class makers, for $275 and upward. New Cabinet Organs for $45 and upward. Second-hand Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs from $40 to $175, at 481 Broadway, N. Y. HORACE WATERS.

WANTED, live men, who can give security for goods received, to distribute "packages" of "Wonder of the World" among families, and collect the same. Address J. C. TILTON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.—This Institution offers the accumulated advantages of over 50 years' successful operation. For circulars, apply to JOHN H. WILLARD, Troy, N. Y.

SALESMEN.—Wanted, a few reliable, energetic salesmen, to sell by sample standard goods.
Address H. H. RICHARDS & CO.,
413 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

5000 **BOOK AGENTS WANTED** for Harding's New Illuminated and Illustrated Editions of the

LIFE OF CHRIST and BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The works are now ready for delivery. Address for Catalogue of the best-selling Subscription-Books published,

W. W. HARDING, Philadelphia, Publisher of **Harding's Pictorial Family Bibles.**

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

SPARKLING LITTLE BEAUTIES are Gents' Lava Diamond Pins. Exquisite specimen mailed, 24 cts. R. LEE & CO., 1272 Broadway, N. Y.

RAPID SALE!

25,000 ALREADY IN USE.

The Demand Increasing.

The Choral Tribute!

BY L. O. EMERSON.

Choristers and Singers unanimously agree that it surpasses all other works of Church Music by this popular author.

[Until November 1, Clergymen, Choristers, and Teachers who have not yet examined this valuable work will be supplied with a single copy at $1 25, postage paid.]

Price $1 50; $13 50 per dozen.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston;
C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

Bloomington Nursery.

500 Acres. 18th Year. 10 Green-Houses.

Fruit, Ornamental and Nursery Stock, immense and reliable assortment, very low for cash.

Apples—including most magnificent stock of yearlings; also hardy Northern sorts, such as Duchess, Oldenburg, Hislop, Transcendent, and other Crab Apples—1, 2, and 3 year.

Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Quinces, Grapes, Forest and Evergreen Trees, Nursery Stocks, Osage Orange Hedge Plants, Roses, own roots; *Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Iris, Squills, Lilies, Speciosum, Auratum,* &c.

Also superior colored plates of Fruits and Flowers. Send 10 cents for Catalogues.

F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

THE CHURCHMAN.

THE BEST and LARGEST Weekly Newspaper, with the circulation in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Sent **FREE** for one month for examination, and till Jan. 1, 1870, to new subscribers for that year. $3 a year, in advance.

M. H. MALLORY & CO., Hartford, Conn.

$2000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES

To agents to sell the celebrated **Wilson Sewing Machines.** The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* First machine on trial. For further particulars, address

THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass.; or St. Louis, Mo.

EVERY ONE WILL FIND

ENTERTAINMENT, PROFIT, AND NO HARM IN THE

NEW YORK OBSERVER.

$3 50 PER ANNUM.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR., & CO.,
37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

WANTED AGENTS.—$75 to $200 per month, every where, male and female, to introduce the NEW NOVELTY SEWING MACHINE. A new thing, with the latest improvements. Price for Hand Machine, $15; with Table and Foot power, $25. Send for Circular, with Cut of Machine and terms to Agents.
Address W. S. HILL, Manchester, N. H.

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

$100 to $250 *per Month guaranteed. Sure pay.* Salaries paid weekly to Agents every where selling our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Call at, or write for particulars to the Girard Wire Mills, 261 North 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent Black or Brown. One Comb sent by mail for $1. For sale by Merchants & Druggists generally. Address *Magic Comb Co., Springfield, Mass.*

$3600 a Year *guaranteed to Agents.* Address J. AHEARN, 5 P. O. Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS FOR 1870.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year . . .	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year . . .	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year . . .	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

[For Prospectuses and particulars for Remitting Moneys, Postage, &c., see the fourth column of this page.]

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains nearly DOUBLE THE AMOUNT OF MATTER furnished in *The Galaxy, The Atlantic, Putnam,* or *Lippincott.* It exceeds in about the same ratio any English Magazine of the same general class, such as *Blackwood, Fraser, Macmillan, Temple Bar, Belgravia,* or *The Cornhill.*

☞ *A New Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS *(Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," and "The Moonstone"), will be commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *in November, 1869.*

☞ *Persons desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient* before the Expiration of their present Subscriptions. *This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with either of the above Periodicals from the present time to the end of the year 1870 for Four Dollars.*

NEW YORK, *Oct. 15, 1869.*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS FOR 1870.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year......	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year......	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year......	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the United States postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

In ordering the MAGAZINE, the WEEKLY, or the BAZAR, the name and address should be clearly written. When the direction is to be changed, both the old and the new one must be given.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, New York.